

THE  
Ladies Magazine;

FOR MAY, 1793.

*A general VIEW of SWITZERLAND and the ALPS, with an affecting Anecdote.*

*[From Observations on Denmark, &c.]*

THOSE who have travelled through the high roads of Switzerland, have seen a beautiful and singular country, and a hardy and laborious people; but those alone, my dear Lord, who have pursued the mountain tract, who have traversed the Alpine stream, and penetrated into the recesses of the inmost valleys, can raise their conceptions to the sublimities of nature, or feel an interest proportionate to the happiness that every where surrounds them. That society is prejudicial to the moral character, is no where, I believe, more forcibly exemplified; and the mountain and the plain afford not a greater contrast, than the dispositions of the peasant and the bourgeois.

It is by frequenting the Alps that I learnt to admire their country, and in the cloud-capt cottage that I began to love the inhabitant. The highest sublime range of mountains extends along the Eastern and Southern part of it, covered with perpetual snow, and intersected by various valleys; some smiling in all the gaiety of spring; others stiffened into ice, and impervious to the step of man or beast. The line of snow, which is about 9000 feet from the surface of the sea, is, in many places, girded by a gloomy forest of pines, which defend the parts beneath from the impending \*

\* *These AVALANCHES, or falls of snow, are frequently attended with the most fatal consequences; the smallest particle set in motion, is sufficient to overwhelm a whole valley, and the Swifs are very attentive in preserving every object that may help to divide or check its increasing bulk. In 1719, near the baths*

snow, and at the same time shelter the happy shepherd in his peaceful and quiet retirement. From hence the descent becomes less rapid; the mountain sloping gradually towards its base, is decked in the most lively green; every where are flocks and herds, and all breathe happiness and content. Here I experienced, in the course of one day's march, the variations of the four seasons: In the plain, the peasants were all engaged in the business of their harvest; on ascending the mountain, I found the trees loaded with fruit; higher up, the cattle were browsing the lovely verdure of spring, till the region of snow chilled the vegetable world, and left nothing to the weary traveler but the prospect of a savage and dreary winter. The Western part is chiefly bounded by the Jura, reaching from the banks of the Rhone, below Geneva, to the Rhine above Basle, and presenting a chain of mountains equally interesting, though not so sublime, as that of the Alps. Between these rugged boundaries, in a line from North-east to South-west, is the flattest and most fertile part of all Switzerland; the hills cultivated to their very summits, and washed by various navigable canals and rivers.

But to return to our Alps. Here, savage rocks of an inac-

*baths of Lœuck, in the Valais, a whole village was totally destroyed, and upwards of sixty people buried in its ruins. The same spot, after being built, was again overwhelmed in 1758.*

cessible height; there, torrents burbling, as it were, from the clouds, and rolling down the rugged precipices:

*The gay train,  
Of fog, thick roll'd into romantic  
shape,*

may, perhaps, excite your wonder, but not exceed the compass of your imagination. But how shall I convey to you an idea of the ever-varying and accidental beauties of this majestic scenery! Sometimes the vapour-winged tempest, flitting along some lonely vale, embrowns it with a solemn shade, whilst every thing around glitters in the fullness of meridian splendour. On a sudden, all is dark and gloomy; the thunder rolls from rock to rock, till echo seems tired with the dreadful repetition: add to this, the gradual approach of the evening, the last gleam of sunshine fading on the mountain-brow, the lingering twilight still warding off the veil of night, till the rising moon just continues, in vision, a glimmering of its faded glories:

*Now all's at rest—and ere the wearied swain*

*Rise to his labour on the upland  
lawn,*

*Shall not the muse from nature  
catch a strain,*

*To wake, and greet him at the  
morning dawn?*

*Oh! let her tell him that the feel-  
ing heart,*

*Oft to the mountain side by memo-  
ry led,*

*Shall*

*Shall seek those blessings wealth can  
ne'er impart,  
And wish to share the quiet of his  
shed :*

*Where ev'ry sordid passion lull'd to  
rest,  
Man knows each gift of nature  
how to prize ;  
Flies from the storm unto his fair  
one's breast,  
And there reposing waits serener  
skies.*

*Say, ye proud sons of fortune and of  
power,  
Can aught the joys you feel, with  
these compare ?  
Can the full triumph of ambition's  
hour,  
When tempests threaten, sooth  
your anxious care ?*

*Or shall the tenant of yon lonely cot,  
That smiles with pity on your pa-  
geant state,  
Pleas'd with his poor but independ-  
ent lot,  
Expose the wretchedness of being  
great ?*

*Unknown to you, the houseless child  
of woe,  
The friendless pilgrim, or the  
hungry poor ;  
Unless the good ye carelessly bestow,  
The hand that feeds them, drives  
them from your door.*

*Here cruel charity no off'ring makes,  
That whilst it aids, insults the  
big distress,  
The heart that welcomes, ev'ry grief  
partakes,  
And only pities where it can't re-  
dress.*

Such are the scenes, my dear Lord, such the hospitality I am now going to quit. I know not why I wished to jingle their virtues into rhyme, unless it was, that my prose began to run upon stilts, or that I mistook a momentary enthusiasm for a poetical inspiration. In fact, every thought and conception is so far raised above the common train of ideas, that the error is excusable, especially too when the imaginary poet sets out with

*Sublimi seriens sidera vertice.*

A man with the incomparable\* Bysche in his pocket, might here tag rhymes as fast as the maidens knit stockings ; and if his imagination was not as cold as the icy region above him, he would be warmed into a certain sublimity of description. Besides, too, if materials grew scanty, and he had run through all the changes of rocks and flocks, vale and dale, lot and cot, &c. he might wander with his muse to the sources of some of the great rivers†, and pursuing their respective

\* *Art of Poetry.*

† *The Rhine has two or three different sources, which rise in the chain of mountains bordering on St. Gothard, and unite their streams, increased by various rivulets, at Rheinau, in the Grisons. The Rhone rises in the Furca, at the Western end of the Valais. The Tessin, which, after traversing the Lac di Locarno, takes the name of the Po, has likewise its principal source in the upper part of St. Gothard.*

K k

courtes

to the very seat of sensation; and convert all the powers of thought into instruments of torture." And in that sacred book where every thing is so much better said than any where else, we find "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities. But a wounded spirit who can bear?"

This anguish however, is by no means the usual consequence of thought. It has place only where there is remorse from a guilty conscience, or the direful malady of a disordered mind.

And on the other hand, what comfort! what amusement! what luxury do we experience in thinking! what sources of happiness are therein the discovery of truths by our judgment—in the pleasures of imagination—in the gentle recollection of kind or amusing circumstances—in the perpetual feast of a good conscience—in gay hopes of enjoyment in this life—and in mysterious yet ravishing contemplation of beatitude in the life that is to come! The exercise of every one of our mental powers is agreeable, and upon some occasions delightful. Incumbered and uninstructed as we are in these earthly cases, our minds are often able to exert such force and spirit as indicate our celestial tendency, and make us not only disdain to acquiesce in sensual tranquility, but elevate our wishes to those regions of intellectual felicity which we believe are before us.

All the workings of our minds from the study of simple propositions to the contemplation of the sublimest objects, give us pleasure

if our minds be in a healthy state. If therefore heaven is pleased to grant us Horace's most rational wish, "*mens sana in corpore sano*—A sound mind in a sound body," instead of considering thinking to be an evil, we shall esteem it as our greatest blessing, hold the mind indeed to be a kingdom, and exult in the prospect of its extension and cultivation from age to age.

That thought may in some degree be directed I cannot doubt, because I have the conviction of my own experience, and the assurance of others who have had much more experience, and that in a much abler manner. There is an 'Art of Thinking,' however difficult it may be to attain it: and the chief end of education, should be to teach that art as much as possible; so that those who are instructed, may, by habitual reflection, and animated exertions, get the use of their minds, as the exercises of the academy give them the use of their bodies. How this is performed I do not attempt to develope. I write upon the credit of experimental truth, upon which the keenest philosophical enquirer must act ninety nine times in a hundred. Nor can I be at all precise in defining what may or may not be done. That there may be too much bustle and exertion of mind to produce a substantial effect I am very sensible; and I have often admired the justness of that stroke of character in Pope:

*'With too much thinking ever to have Thought.'*

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I must also confess that I do not quite believe that any man possesses the perfect power of clearing his mind from what he chooses to expel; though I think it is Dr. South who gravely exhorts, 'When an evil thought cometh into the mind of a christian, let him calmly set it aside.' Some thoughts will, by particular causes or associations gain such a predominance in our minds, as not to be subdued by any immediate efforts, but must be allowed gradually to decay, or be covered by the succession of other thoughts; and I cannot with any clearness affirm or deny what share other spirits may be permitted to have in mingling what thoughts they choose, with ours, and in keeping certain thoughts permanent in our minds. I am above being ashamed of having the character of superstitious in this age; and therefore I write with freedom and firmness, according to my own way of thinking, in which I coincide with as great minds as ever was. In the art of Thinking as in other arts, though all cannot be accomplished, much may be done, and that should be sufficient to excite our industry.

*exceedingly scarce, and indeed rarely if ever to be met with. Thinking a translation of it would not be disagreeable to your readers, I have sent you one, and am,*

*yours, &c.*

COLLECTOR.

To Mr. ———.

SIR,

YOU have heard me frequently warm in my censures of lotteries, and I really thought I should never have been drawn in again; yet that very lately has been my case, and would have been your's in the like circumstances. I have the happiness of being a member of a society where amusements are improved into utility; and last week a motion was made for a kind of lottery, in which each ticket assigned a subject to be treated in writing by the person who drew it. That which fell to me demanded a solution of the following question: "*which was most eligible, to have constantly every day a dream of sixteen hours, made up of imaginary happiness, and the eight waking hours to live in real wretchedness; or to be wretched in the dreaming hours, and happy in the hours of real life?*"

This was to be handled so as to entertain persons of a delicate turn of mind, and eminent goodness of heart; therefore, to render it susceptible of ornament, I have supposed the two conditions to be realized in me, and that I experienced them both; the result of which was, to delineate such

ON REAL AND IMAGINARY HAPPINESS.

To the EDITORS of the LADIES MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The following ingenious little production appeared in France above forty years ago. It is now become

courses, dance with the fair Alsatian on the beautiful borders of the Rhine, riot in a Burgundian vintage on the banks of the rapid Rhone, or, creeping along the *slowly winding Po*, meditate on the downfalls of empire, and unite the two extremities of Italian grandeur. But leaving these flights of fancy, let us descend from our Pegasus, and approach nearer the domestic scenes of these amiable mountaineers.

I had separated from my companion, as was frequently our custom, towards the evening, in order to be more conveniently lodged, and was sauntering with my favourite Gesner in my hand, towards the first hospitable roof that might present itself.—So late upon the mountain, and all alone, too, fair maiden!—said I, to a female who came suddenly upon me.—And what should I be afraid of? replied she; there is no appearance of a storm.—I felt hurt; there was a sort of reproach in the innocence of the answer, that put my boasted virtue to the blush. So putting up the book, and apostrophising the author;—Oh, Gesner, cried I, what a subject for your pen! She stopped short, gazed at me in silence, and I thought the tear stood in her eye. I fancied the earnestness with which I spoke, and a language she did not understand, might have alarmed her, and began to assure her of the injustice of her suspicions.—You must have a very bad opinion of me, or yourself, Sir, said she, to suppose I could harbour such a thought. I wish you a good night, and pro-

bably, too, you have a good way to go.—I know not how far, replied I, but I cannot leave you, my lovely maiden, taking hold of her hand, thus offended with me. I ought to have known your manners better; I feel that I love them, but one cannot, all at once, forget the prejudices of education.—I know not whether my looks interpreted the fulness of my heart; but she took up her apron, wiped her eyes and cried, Good Heavens! another stranger!—I thought you had been accustomed to see them, said I.—I never knew but one, and he involved us all in distress.—Then, Heaven forget him, added I, somewhat warmly.—God forbid, said she, you would not say so, if you had known the poor gentleman; so putting a little bundle she had under one arm, and locking the other in mine, we walked down the hill in silence together.—And what are you doing here, Sir? says she, after some pause.—Enjoying the prospect of an earthly paradise, replied I; and every day discovering new cause for admiration.—And yet you have much finer and richer sights than these in the plains. I was at Lausanne myself once, but I was glad to get back again. A cousin wanted to tempt me into service; but I never had a happy moment from the time I quitted home.—I can easily believe that, replied I, 'tis a curiosity that must have cost you dear.—I wished to save money enough to buy a cow, but I could not stand it; I returned poorer than I went, and Hans and I must wait till father can afford

afford to settle us.—Then you have a lover, pretty maiden?—Oh! yes; and he has got a little cottage and five cows, which he has joined, at present, to father's flocks, and superintends the whole business of the dairy. If we have good luck this year with our calves, my father has promised to double our flock, and then we shall begin to farm for ourselves.—And what of the poor gentleman? said I; for the circumstance and the expression had got such hold of my heart, I could not get rid of it.—As I am alive, there's Hans come to meet me; and skipping away from me, the was in an instant in his arms.—I was afraid something had happened to you, my love.—Oh! no; that gentleman has been so good as to accompany me, so I could not walk so quick as I usually do, you know. And may I ask which way you are going, Sir? it is two hours good walking before you can get into the valley, and the way is not over-easy to find, if it comes dark.—I have never yet been put in that necessity, replied I; my curiosity has kept me some days on your mountains, and I have ever found some hospitable friend to admit me as a guest for the evening.—A few whispers passed between Hans and his mistress.—You can only sleep with father, said he; and taking me cordially by the hand, Come, Sir, you need not go far to-night then, and we'll do the best we can for you.—A quarter of an hour brought us to the cottage, and my form of presentation consisted in an addi-

onal stool, with a knife and wooden platter being laid upon the table. I know no moment of my life, nor do I think I ever shall, that I would not exchange for the enjoyment of such a scene. It was, as Thomson expresses it,

*All various nature pressing on the heart;*

and I leave you, who value its feelings, to judge of its emotions. It was too full for language, and the honest people never once attempted to interrupt the flow of my sensations. We had finished our portion of milk; and the old man, as he reached out for a cheese that stood at the other end of the table, turned to his daughter and asked her, Why she had not brought the snuff-box with it?—She rose from her seat, and going to the cupboard, produced one of enamelled gold, and with a piteous look gave it to her father. Then taking me by the hand, with a tone corresponding to it, you put me so much in mind of the poor gentleman—says she. The word, the tone, the former scene, rushed into my mind, and I was half in tears before the good old man related the following event:—You will wonder, Sir, says he, at this piece of magnificence upon our poor table; but it frequently accompanies our frugal meal, and shall be the last piece of furniture I will part with. It belonged to a young gentleman, who, about four years ago, came, like yourself, to visit these parts; accident brought him to my homely roof, where he asked for a lodging for a few days

days, the more conveniently to enjoy the freshness of the mountain air. His disposition was soft and melancholy; but he was so gentle, and interested himself so much in all our little operations, that every body loved him. He frequently wandered about the whole day, but always returned to our evening meal. Bed-time came, and our young friend did not arrive; we spent a very impatient night, and in the morning, under the pillow of his bed, my daughter discovered this snuff-box. It contained twenty louis-d'ors, and the inclosed writing; never did a present cost me so many tears. The writing was in German, but the style entirely foreign. It ran nearly in these words:

*"Generous and worthy Man!*

"I came here to die. The simplicity of your manners, and the virtue of your mountains, have hitherto withheld the meditated stroke. Had I been born to such enjoyment, what pangs had my heart been spared! But I will not taint your mountains with a crime. I quit you, and perhaps for ever. When this falls into your hand, use it as the gift of one who has nothing more left but the prayers of the wretched to bestow, and sometimes think with pity on him who can only finish his misfortunes in the grave!"—

With the money, said the old man, as the tears trickled down his cheeks, I purchased two cows; they are now increased to eight; I seem to love them better than

the rest, and never partake of their produce without heaving a sigh to his memory, and a prayer to the Almighty for his eternal welfare.

I met my friend next morning at the appointed rock, and we continued in this delightful neighbourhood for a week. We had the satisfaction of advancing the union of Hans and his mistress, and the pleasing hope of being sometimes remembered at their evening meals.

Adieu,

Ever your's.



## ESSAY on THOUGHT, or THINKING.

*By an Hypochondriack.*

**T**HOUGHT and Thinking are words quite of familiar use; for they are perpetually recurring in the talk of every body, and yet how very imperfectly are these expressions understood. I question, if one in a thousand who use them, could, when called upon, give any tolerable explanation upon their meaning.

Where is the seat of thought? what is the nature of the thinking principle? how is the operation of thought in its variety of modes begun and carried on? are enquiries, I believe, too profound for man in this stage of his being. At least, I can fairly argue from what facts have hitherto been presented to the annalists of speculation, that all attempts to give a solution of these difficulties have only



only afforded proofs how very inadequate the present faculties of human nature are to the task. It is humbling to think of the many wild and imperfect hypotheses which have been framed upon this subject by impatience and presumptuous incapacity, hypotheses not less ridiculously ignorant with respect to the wonderful science of the mind, than the conjectures of the meanest rustics as to the heavenly bodies are with respect to astronomy.

Providence has kindly allowed us much enjoyment of many things while their essence lies yet concealed from us in impenetrable obscurity. The extensive usefulness and pleasure of thinking can very well subsist, although our comprehension does not reach to a full knowledge of what thought really is.

Thinking has been set down by an ingenious philosopher as the test of existence. "*Cogito, ergo sum*—I think, therefore I am." Yet thought has in the general acceptance of the vulgar, and that too sanctified by the authority of great names, been understood as equivalent to melancholy. When one is afflicted with a dreary, disordered mind, the common phrase is, "he is thoughtful;" never to think "is one of the tumultuous prayers of Bacchanalian votaries.—

"Let Bedlam be his portion  
"Who breaks his brains with  
"thinking."

begins one of our best drinking songs, Nay Dryden says

"Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow,

"Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to woe."

But Hypochondriack as I am, I would flatter myself, and in the sound frame in which I at present exist, I can say I am well persuaded that these are partial views only upon the dark side of thinking. Thinking may be either a pain or a pleasure, according as the mind is in a diseased or a healthful state. It may as well be maintained that there is no enjoyment in bed, because there is none in the tossings of a feverish sick bed, as that there is no happiness in thinking, because that thought is sometimes distressing.

I most willingly admit that of all kinds of misery, the misery of Thought is the severest. The excellent Andrew Baxter, whose acute and pleasing essay on the Immortality of the Soul has endeared his name to numbers, has this remark in a part of his works: "He is a happy man who knows not by experience, that thinking is many times a torture not to be conceived or endured." Dr. Hugh Blair in one of his sermons, entitled "On the Disorders of the Passions," thus admirably speaks: "Amidst the ordinary calamities of the world, the mind can exert its powers, and suggest relief: and the mind is properly the man; the sufferer, and his sufferings can be distinguished. But those disorders of passions by seizing directly on the mind, attack human nature in its strong hold, and cut off its last resource. They penetrate

to the very seat of sensation; and convert all the powers of thought into instruments of torture." And in that sacred book where every thing is so much better said than any where else, we find "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities. But a wounded spirit who can bear?"

This anguish however, is by no means the usual consequence of thought. It has place only where there is remorse from a guilty conscience, or the direful malady of a distempered mind.

And on the other hand, what comfort! what amusement! what luxury do we experience in thinking! what sources of happiness are therein the discovery of truths by our judgment—in the pleasures of imagination—in the gentle recollection of kind or amusing circumstances—in the perpetual feast of a good conscience—in gay hopes of enjoyment in this life—and in mysterious yet ravishing contemplation of beatitude in the life that is to come! The exercise of every one of our mental powers is agreeable, and upon some occasions delightful. Incumbered and uninstructed as we are in these earthly cases, our minds are often able to exert such force and spirit as indicate our celestial tendency, and make us not only disdain to acquiesce in sensual tranquillity, but elevate our wishes to those regions of intellectual felicity which we believe are before us.

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such a happiness as the wise and virtuous man would chuse, were it within his reach; contrasting it with a condition, which, though too common, is not the less miserable, I send you the essay itself, as delivered into this amiable society.

I was sinking into a welcome repose, when the god of Sleep, in a car of thick clouds, making his way through the darkness of the night, descended towards me; the Dreams were in his retinue, and waited his orders; "Collect," said he to them, "all your illusions, and form an exquisite happiness of sixteen hours, which this mortal, now under my influence, is to enjoy." He spoke, and sprinkling me with a branch dipped in the water of Lethe, a somnolence diffused itself through my whole frame; the past disappears, and I find myself in a situation which to me seemed full of delight. A moderate income fully answered all my desires; Hymen has blest me in the lovely and virtuous Pulcheria, the object of all my tenderness, as I was of her's; her discourse was melting as music to me; I consulted her in all my concerns, and her participation of them improved all my pleasures; we gave ourselves up to none which are mingled with disquietness and followed by remorse; we squared our wishes by our abilities, and freely gratified them, they being all corrected by reason. A reputable society, whose wit was without conceit or impiety, was an inexhaustible source of varied amusements; elegance, if

not profusion, directed our table, which never failed to be enlivened by a decent hilarity; a lively repartee and ingenious folly were well received; but the poignancy of satire was exploded, especially the course double-entendre, or infamous ribaldry, met with no quarter; we reduced the sportive talents to their true use, as relaxations after the fatigue of business or the intenseness of study; never suffering them to be exercised by passions dangerous to our own virtue or the tranquility of another; our conversations never aimed at any high flights, and were as much above futility; we all broke up with cheerful minds and warmed hearts, for vice was never mentioned but with contempt, and virtue with reverence; had any one begun to talk of dogs, horses, balls, or actresses, it would have been intimated to him that he forgot himself; our mansion was not an over-grown palace, but a convenient house adapted for use and delight; it was at such a proper distance from tumult as not to be a lonely solitude; the apartments were not large, nor the furniture rich, but in neatness and contrivance nothing could exceed them; it was besides environed with gardens, which offered an infinitude of sightly objects to the eye, though the simplicity of nature suffered but little from any variegated decorations.

This happy condition did not seem any thing of a novelty; I thought it was natural to me, and enjoyed it without apprehension of its transitoriness; but this del-

lightful

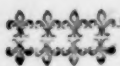


lightful imagery was dissipated, and my awakening put a period to my ideal happiness with which I fed myself in my dream. Then, without any interval, the view was shifted from ease to anxiety; a quick sense of my wants returned upon me without any prospect of means to satisfy them. I was under the most painful restraints, bound perpetually to do the will of others; every portion of my life was taken up in employments disgusting to my mind, and above the strength of my body. If I had any snatch of pleasures, they wanted that communication wherein all their sweetness consists: if to obviate the uneasiness of present impressions, I looked forward to futurity, that also presented nothing to me but subjects of vexation and grief. My real miseries were aggravated by an unhappy turn of mind, and, by the force of a melancholy imagination, the calamities that I dreaded were more excruciating than the present; these convulsions were further increased by an ardent tendency to whatever had the appearance of relief and pleasure. I had not even so much as a single friend to whom I could communicate my pleasures, or from whom I could expect any comfort. Alas! who under misfortunes meets with constant friends? Now what a difference is there between the two conditions which I have described!

Let us now suppose that the dream fraught with so much felicity, were to be renewed every night, and as invariably followed

by eight hours of real life, attended with these constraints, pains, and sufferings; it is asked, Whether this condition be rightly preferable to that wherein the dream was to be afflictive, and the waking hours filled with happiness, which, according to the hypothesis, would be real?

This question, which ever way it be decided, does not infer any increase of our happiness, since that on which it is grounded labours under a natural impossibility. However, being obliged to deliver my opinion on the choice, I say, that imaginary goods, however strongly they may affect us, are by no means to be brought in competition with the real; the use which we seem to make of the former terminates in the dream, and nobody else is the better for our happy circumstances. Now the pleasure of obliging is with every reasonable man a capital article in his scheme of happiness; to make others happy is to be happy ourselves; so that I would hope, that person is not living who would prefer a condition, of which all the advantages would concentrate and terminate in himself alone, whilst another was within his choice, in which it would be in his power to do kind offices to his fellow-creatures, and promote the lasting happiness of society.



## HISTORY of BETTY BROOM.

[From the *Idler*—a *Work* now in the *Press*.]

Mr. IDLER,

I Never thought that I should write any thing to be printed, but having lately seen your first essay, which was sent down into the kitchen, with a great bundle of gazettes and uselefs papers, I find that you are willing to admit any correspondent, and therefore hope you will not reject me. If you publish my letter, it may encourage others, in the same condition with myself, to tell their stories, which may perhaps be as useful as those of great ladies.

I am a poor girl. I was bred in the country at a charity-school, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The ladies, or patronesses visited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and saw that our clothes were clean. We lived happily enough, and were instructed to be thankful to those at whose cost we were educated. I was always the favourite of my Mistress; she used to call me to read and shew my copy-book to all strangers, who never dismissed me without commendation, and very seldom without a shilling.

At last the chief of our subscribers, having passed a winter in *London*, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country. She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, she said, are born to ignorance, and will

work the harder the less they know. She told her friends, that *London* was in confusion by the insolence of servants; that scarce a wench was to be got for all work, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies, that no-body would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles, and to sit at work in the parlour window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls; those who were to live by their hands, should neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

She was for a short time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions and withdrew her subscription. Few listen without a desire of conviction to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily, and in less than a year the whole parish was convinced, that the nation would be ruined, if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our school was now dissolved; my Mistress kissed me when we parted, and told me, that, being old and helpless, she could not assist me; advised me to seek a service, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for scholarship, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the opinion, considered as a crime; and, when I offered myself to any mistress, I had

no other answer than, *Sure, child, you would not work ; hard work is not fit for a pen-woman ; a scrubbing-brush would spoil your hand, child !*

I could not live at home and while I was considering to what I should betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our school to *London*, came down in a silk gown, and told her acquaintances how well she lived, what fine things she saw, and what great wages she received. I resolved to try my fortune, and took my passage in the next week's waggon to *London*. I had no snares laid for me at my arrival, but came safe to a sister of my Mistress, who undertook to get me a place. She knew only the families of mean tradesmen ; and I, having no opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first Mistress was wife of a working watch maker, who earned more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty ; but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on *Sunday*, and spend half the wages of the week on *Richmond Hill* ; on *Monday* he commonly lay half in bed, and spent the other half in merriment ; *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* consumed the rest of his money ; and three days every week were passed in extremity of want by us who were left at home, while my Master lived on trust at an ale-house. You may be sure, that of the sufferers the maid suffered the most ; and I left them, after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My Mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning to set the journeymen to work ; my Master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night. I was obliged to wait on my Master at night, and on my Mistress in the morning. He seldom came home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linen-draper's, who had six children. My Mistress, when I first entered the house, informed me, that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry. I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first ; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation. That which was not gratified always resentment the injury with a loud outcry, which put my Mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plums to the child. I could not keep six children quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous ; and was therefore dismissed, as a honest girl, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple who kept a petty shop of remnants and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book ; and being therefore often called at a busy time, to serve the customers,

ers, expected that I should now be happy, in proportion as I was useful. But my Mistress appropriated every day part of the profits to some private use, and, as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted such sums, that my Master began to wonder how he sold so much, and gained so little. She pretended to assist his enquiries, and began very gravely, to hope that *Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light-fingered.* You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

Having left the last place in haste, to avoid the charge or suspicion of theft, I had not secured another service, and was forced to take a lodging in a back street. I had now got good clothes. The woman who lived in the garret opposite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a mistress. I knew not why she was so kind, nor how I could recompense her; but in a few days I missed some of my linen, went to another lodging, and resolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In six weeks I became undermaid at the house of a mercer in *Cornhill*, whose son was his apprentice. The young gentleman used to sit late at the tavern, without the knowledge of his father; and I was ordered by my Mistress to let him in silently under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, while the rest of the family were in bed, I considered as supernu-

mery, and, having no business assigned for them, thought myself at liberty to spend them my own way: I kept myself awake with a book, and for some time liked my state the better for this opportunity of reading. At last, the upper-maid found my book, and shewed it to my Mistress, who told me, that wenches like me might spend their time better; that she never knew any of the readers that had good designs in their heads; that she could always find something else to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that such a fine lady should sit up for her young Master.

This was the first time that I found it thought criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was dismissed decently, lest I should tell tales, and had a small gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentleman of a small fortune. This was the only happy part of my life. My Mistress, for whom public diversions were too expensive, spent her time with books, and was pleased to find a maid who could partake in her amusements. I rose early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or listen, and was suffered to give my opinion, or express my delight. Thus fifteen months stole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to servitude. But a burning fever seized my Mistress, of whom I shall say no more, than that her servant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for  
any



any other place ; and was rather too delicate for the conversation of a kitchen ; so when I was hired by an East India director, my behaviour was so different, as they said, from that of a common servant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in disguise, and turned me out in three weeks, on suspicion of some design which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obstruction from my new accomplishments, and was hired under the house-keeper in a splendid family. Here I was too wise for the maids, and too nice for the footmen ; yet I might have lived on without much uneasiness, had not the house-keeper, who used to employ me in buying necessaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's expenses. I suppose it did not quite agree with her own book, for she fiercely declared her resolution, that there should be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the justice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation ; and I was easily admitted into another house in the neighbourhood, where my business was to sweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for some time the favourite of Mrs. *Simper*, my Lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of some education. Mrs. *Simper* loved a novel, though she could not read hard words, and therefore, when the Lady was a-

broad, we always laid hold on her books.

At last, my abilities became so much celebrated, that the house-steward used to employ me in keeping his accounts. Mrs. *Simper* then found out, that my fanciness was grown to such a height that no-body could endure it ; and told my Lady, that there never had been a room well swept since *Betty Broom* came into the house.

I was then hired by a consumptive Lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her four years, and though she was never pleased, yet when I declared my resolution to leave her, she burst into tears, and told me I must bear the peevishness of a sick-bed, and I should find myself remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour ; but in less than a week, when I set her gruel before her, I laid her spoon on the left side, and she threw her will into the fire. In two days she made another, which she burnt in the same manner because she could not eat her chicken. A third was made, and destroyed because she heard a mouse within the wainscot, and was sure that I should suffer her to be carried away alive.

After this I was for sometime out of favour ; but as her illness grew upon her, resentment and fullness gave way to kinder sentiments. She died, and left me five hundred pounds ; with this fortune I am going to settle in my native parish, where  
I resolve

I resolve to spend some hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble servant,  
BETTY BROOM.



### AN INDIAN'S SPEECH.

[From the same.]

AS the *English* army was passing towards *Quebec*, along a soft savanna between a mountain and a lake, one of the petty chiefs of the inland regions stood upon a rock surrounded by his clan, and from behind the shelter of the bushes contemplated the art and regularity of *European* war. It was evening; the tents were pitched: he observed the security with which the troops rested in the night, and the order with which the march was renewed in the morning. He continued to pursue them with his eye till they could be seen no longer, and then stood for some time silent and pensive.

Then turning to his followers, "My children," said he, "I have often heard from men hoary with long life, that there was a time when our ancestors were absolute lords of the woods, the meadows, and the lakes, wherever the eye can reach, or the foot can pass. They fished and hunted, feasted and danced, and when they were weary lay down under the first thicket, without danger and without fear. They changed their habitations as the seasons requir-

ed, convenience prompted, or curiosity allured them, and sometimes gathered the fruits of the mountain, and sometimes sported in canoes along the coast.

"Many years and ages are supposed to have been thus passed in plenty and security; when at last a new race of men entered our country from the great ocean. They inclosed themselves in habitations of stone, which our ancestors could neither enter by violence, nor destroy by fire. They issued from those fastnesses, sometimes covered like the armadillo with shells, from which the lance rebounded on the striker; and sometimes carried by mighty beasts which had never been seen in our vales or forests, of such strength and swiftness, that flight and opposition were vain alike. Those invaders ranged over the Continent, slaughtering in their rage those that resisted, and those that submitted in their mirth. Of those that remained, some were buried in caverns, and condemned to dig metals for their masters; some were employed in tilling the ground, of which foreign tyrants devour the produce; and when the sword and the mines have destroyed the natives, they supply their place by human beings of another colour, brought from some distant country to perish here under toil and torture.

"Some there are who boast their humanity, and content themselves to seize our chases and fisheries, who drive us from every track of ground where fertility and pleasantness invite them to settle, and make no war upon

tis except when we intrude upon our own lands.

"Others pretend to have purchased a right of residence and tyranny; but surely the insolence of such bargains is more offensive than the avowed and open dominion of force. What reward can induce the possessor of a country to admit a stranger more powerful than himself? fraud or terror must operate in such contracts; either they promised protection which they never have afforded, or instruction which they never imparted. We hoped to be secured by their favour from some other evil, or to learn the arts of *Europe*, by which we might be able to secure ourselves. Their power they have never exerted in our defence, and their arts they have studiously concealed from us. Their treaties are only to defraud us. They have a written law among them, of which they boast as derived from him who made the Earth and Sea, and by which they profess to believe that man will be made happy when life shall forsake him. Why is not this law communicated to us? it is concealed because it is violated. For how can they preach it to an *Indian* nation, when I am told that one of its first precepts forbids them to do to others what they would not that others should do to them?

"But the time, perhaps, is now approaching when the pride of usurpation shall be crushed, and the cruelties of invasion shall be revenged. The sons of rapacity have now drawn their swords

upon each other, and referred their claims to the decision of war; let us look unconcerned upon the slaughter, and remember that the death of every *European* delivers the country from a tyrant and a robber; for what is the claim of either nation, but the claim of the vulture to the leveret, of the tiger to the fawn? Let them then continue to dispute their title to regions which they cannot people; to purchase by danger and blood the empty dignity of dominion over mountains which they will never climb, and rivers which they will never pass. Let us endeavour, in the mean time, to learn their discipline, and to forge their weapons; and, when they shall be weakened with mutual slaughter, let us rush down upon them, force their remains to take shelter in their ships, and reign once more in our native country."



ON SIMPLICITY in our DESIRES  
as a SOURCE of HAPPINESS.

WHEN friends meet who by the various accidents of life have been long parted, nothing is more common than to join in reflections on the pleasures of their youthful days. Few men will look back upon those days without a mixture of sorrow and pleasure, in which the former almost always predominates. There is in youth, an ignorance which preserves from vice, and an innocence which is too soon lost. We remember all the little incidents

incidents of our youthful days, as contributing to our happiness then, and in some degree affording us pleasure even now: on the sight of an old school-fellow, such incidents crowd on our memory, and we dwell on the recollection with a singular delight. But that delight gives way to sorrow when we remember that we abandoned the pleasures of youth for the bustle of active life, and too often sacrificed the innocence that then constituted our happiness, for satisfactions from which we have reaped no higher advantage than danger, pain, chagrin, and trouble.

To a mind thus disposed to reflection, it will sometimes appear that the load of life is insupportable, and at other times, it may perhaps be suggested that it is not worth bearing. It will appear that we have no such pleasing thoughts, happy hours, peaceful slumbers as we then enjoyed, and from all this we will be too ready to conclude harshly against the world, and become tired of it before our usefulness has appeared, or our race is run.

From such reflections, however, it were better to turn, and calmly enquire *within*, how far we may have contributed to this change ourselves, how much is owing to the world, how much to the unavoidable calamities of life, but how much more to causes that exist in our own minds only. If without self-deceit, and without improper bias, we institute this examination, we shall find that the more we have departed from the simplicity of ear-

ly life, the more we have departed from happiness. Instead of learning to curb our desires after wealth and pleasure, according to those advances in life which should have taught us the inefficacy of such enjoyments as the source of happiness, we have been doubling our desires, and extending them beyond the bounds which nature and reason have appointed, and which caprice only can justify. But that is no justification, which is at the same time a reproach. When we quit the advice of reason in the regulation of our conduct, we quit what is regular, beautiful, and well proportioned in the structure, and follow that which is uneven, disorderly, and fallible. When we allow ourselves to desire, we know not why, the possession of the object generally brings greater misery than the want of it.

In youth our desires are few and simple, but they are innocent and easily to be appeased. We feel no wants but what are readily gratified, and seldom any ambition but what is after something proper and manly. Simplicity, in a word, is the characteristic of youth, as it was of the primitive ages; and the more we depart from it, the more we involve ourselves in distress, pain and anxiety, things which we would suppose were rather to be avoided, but which we find to be eagerly sought after as if they were made part of the comforts as well as the business of life. What are the innumerable schemes of life conceived with eagerness, and pursued with avidity, but so many



ny steps, or rather hasty strides from that simplicity which is easily satisfied, and that moderation which never endangers virtue? What are the various plans of the great for their aggrandizement, the various shifts and contrivances of the middling order of people, the ambition of power, and the desire of wealth, but the palpable causes why the world abounds with vice and folly? He that has entered on this career, whom little things will not satisfy, whom competence will not content, knows not where to stop: the more he gains, the less he is satisfied; for it is with riches as with knowledge, the more we learn, the more we wish to learn; although riches have been more properly compared to the disease called the dropy, in which drink is both the cause, the alleviation, and the countenance.

It is pleasant enough, however, to hear how some men argue with themselves on this head. They say, they would be perfectly satisfied, if they had but a moderate competence, just enough to enable them to live comfortably without business, and then they would resign all the bustle and turmoil of trade, and all the dangers of speculation, to those who might come after them. But the misfortune is, that this expression, "moderate competence," still remains, and with such men, I am afraid, ever will remain, an indefinite expression. There is no ascertaining what they mean by a competence, and far less what they mean by moderate. I remember a man of this disposi-

tion, not remarkable for fair dealing, who declared that he never could understand what was meant by usury. He thought it was a phrase of vast latitude, and like certain oaths, might safely admit of what interpretation the person using it thought proper to put upon it, and he used it accordingly.

With respect to competence, it is certainly as much out of the power of a moral writer to give a definition of it, as it is for any of the persons I have just alluded to; and for this obvious reason, that a competence is what signifies a man; but there is no saying what that is. Nay, I know not even what would satisfy myself, if I am not satisfied already. If I desire to change my situation, I may say what situation I prefer, but I cannot answer for my being so well pleased in it as never to desire a change. As to other men, granting that I were consulted, I could not prescribe in their case without knowing every particular of their temper and disposition, any more than a physician can prescribe to a patient whom he has never seen, and whose disorder is mentioned only by name, and that name a general one for many disorders.

A few opinions, however, may be ventured on this subject. In determining what a competence is, we must recur to our first principles of action, when our desires were few and our comforts many. If we were to bring an Indian of a good disposition who had all his life lived happily on the fruits of the earth, and who

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had no wants but those of nature and necessity, and place him in a situation in this country, where he would soon conceive a desire for riches and splendour, and where perhaps he could easily obtain them; in such a case, it would be easy to perceive that his desires would multiply as his wealth increased, and that his cares would so far keep pace with them as to rob him of those happy hours of reflection, and quiet slumbers, he enjoyed in his former situation. In this case we perceive the disease, and we clearly perceive the cause, and the man would never be happy until we had stripped him of his wealth, and restored him to his primitive state.—This, however, is but a supposition which cannot have the full force of an argument in our own case. But it may operate so far as to teach us that the nearest possible retrograde approach to our days of simplicity will restore us to contentment, and we shall find that a competence is not difficult to ascertain, nor so difficult to acquire as we formerly imagined.

*Lucrator* has been talking of retiring from business for the last twenty years. He rose from small beginnings to an immense fortune, which in no part of his life he has been able to enjoy, from never being able to think he had enough. Nay, as his wealth increases, his heart contracts, for he was noted for generosity in the early part of his life as much as he is now for the opposite vice. His opinions of "a competence" are not yet fixed,

although in different periods of life he thought them so. The time was when two hundred a year was deemed by him to be a competence—that was succeeded by 500l. with which he thought he would be completely happy.—The double of that sum, however, gained the advantage—a lucky hit, as it was called, enlarged his notions still farther, and they are now boundless, and perhaps ever will remain so.

To conclude, if we wish that the remembrance of our early days shall be unclouded and cheerful, we must recur on all occasions to that simplicity and innocence of thought and conduct which made those days happy. In our progress after an establishment in the world, which all men are bound to procure in one way or other, our wisdom will consist in a strict observance of the rules of integrity in all possible cases, where interest forbids, as much as where interest prompts. For, gay and happy as wealthy men appear, if their wealth has been procured by a sacrifice of the good principles of their own hearts, or of the happiness of their neighbours, they are of all men the most miserable. We see them having recourse to public pleasures and tumultuous societies, to avoid reflection.—But this remedy, if a remedy at all, is but a temporary one. They cannot by any effort banish sickness.—They cannot mix gaiety with their moments of distress, nor conjure away an agony with a jest. And, apart from the consideration of disease, there are moments of reflection

reflection from which no man is free. To prepare for such is the endeavour of a wise man. To avoid and to dread them is the certain sign of folly, and certain proof of guilt.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

SENEX.

—♦♦♦♦♦—  
The CENSOR; or,

FRIENDLY FEMALE MONITOR.

NUMBER I.

On EVIL SPEAKING.

*"Then dark Disgust, and Hatred,  
winding wiles,  
Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence;  
At last, extinct, each social feeling  
fill,  
And joyless inhumanity pervades,  
And petrifies the heart.*

THOMSON.

IT is a fault inherent in human nature to condemn others for what is thought imprudent or pernicious; yet in this the greatest mistakes are committed; besides, the thing in itself cannot be right, especially when every little trifle, not hurtful to society, is censured, and proceeds from a principle which both religion and reason disapprove. It would be much more charitable to attempt the palliation, rather than wish to cast a blemish over the character of another by hearsay reports, than

which nothing in general can be more absurd; but, notwithstanding this, nothing is so common as to hear people censuring others, at the same time pretending to know all their affairs, when, in fact, they are ignorant of every circumstance; yet, a few harmless embellishments, added to every story which they chance to hear, makes that, which at its first beginning was told as a piece of folly, become by circulation an unpardonable crime.—“Did not you hear,” says one, “of Melissa’s walking at a late hour in the evening with a notorious libertine?” “I did,” says the other, “where I was told he had his arm round her neck,” “Yes, and she was seen too,” says a third, “upon his knee.” And thus goes on the story, till poor Melissa is accused, by sly hints of criminality. Thus are many reports carried on, which when examined, are found to proceed from a very flimsy foundation, as most scandalous tales generally are; indeed it is a pity those sort of persons can not find better employment than to spy out the defects of others, to indulge a depravity, disgraceful to the name of Christian: would it not be acting with more honor to conceal, and not reveal another’s weakness? Or, can it be any one’s wish to rejoice in these infirmities, which every one has undoubtedly in one shape or other? To what then, as a reason shall I attribute such ungenerous conduct? Surely not the heart, unless a very obdurate one, and never knowing the sweet impulse of humanity; for,

for, if we review it through the medium of that universal philanthropy which one should have towards another, it appears equal to the greatest crime, as being injurious to the peace and happiness of the individual. Providence never sent us into the world to be each other's torment, but a comfort; then why are we not to be so? Are we not of one and the same race; each liable to human weakness? Is it not absurd to deal our censure, when we equally deserve it? Shall any one say, that woman's a jilt, when the same person may possess an unfeeling heart?—Listen then to the words of the judicious La Bruyere: "The same vices," says this excellent writer, "which are deformed and unsupportable in others, we do not feel in ourselves, they are not burdensome to us; but seem to rest without weight, as in their proper centre. Such a one speaking of another, draws a dismal picture of him, not in the least imagining that at the same time he is painting himself."—This passage is certainly a very natural representation of many amongst us, whose vices, though not discernable in themselves, are frequently as pernicious, and equally deserving censure. I hope there is no occasion to enlarge further on the folly and injustice of this vice, which must appear at first view, cruel and uncharitable; and I trust those who wish to be either useful or respected members of society, will forbear descanting on the respective demerits of others, till they are certain their own conduct is

free from those blemishes which can so easily be discerned in their fellow-creatures; it is nothing but what is reasonable and ought to be done. For is it not more pleasing to speak well, than ill of those with whom we are more or less connected in a life, which, at its longest period, is but of short continuance? Consider this, my fair readers, and let your sentiments be liberal in judging of another's motives, and rather drop a tear over their blemishes than endeavour to add to their misfortunes by a repetition of errors, which may have been mistated by the jaundiced eye of malevolence; though some, it is not unlikely, may be accused very justly, yet candour, or, at least, Christian charity, should teach you to overlook, or be silent, on that which is unavoidable in human affairs; and associate not with persons, who, from a depraved disposition, take a pleasure in wantonly sacrificing, perhaps, the most innocent character, for the sake of indulging this diabolical vice, as every one must look upon it to be, in either sex; but surely it cannot be prevalent through malevolence in that bosom where tenderness and sensibility reside!—How contrary does this appear to that liberal and refined sense I do much admire in the fair sex! And I cannot help thinking, that the woman who is fond of this kind of amusement, must either have a weak head, or what is worse, a bad heart.—It is said the female tongue is but too prone to this vice; though for my own part, I never particularly observed it

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it to be the case, except in one instance; and that I am inclined to think proceeded from private pique more than from a vicious habit; but however, be the cause what it will, the practice is odious under every circumstance, and should be shunned as an evil producing the most serious consequences; and, I am persuaded, will not be committed by you who have hearts capable of feeling, and minds enlightened with the gift of reason which Providence has bestowed, not for your selfish purposes, but for that use which your inward Monitor can testify, is, in being the friend to the orphan, and the patronesses of the afflicted, without partial distinctions of sect, party, or persuasion.

A. G.

MARGATE.

*Historical Description of the Kingdom of Margate.*

FROM THE TRAVELS OF HERACLITUS HUMHUM

THIS nation differs from every other we have yet travelled through, and yet the manners and customs of the people are so various in themselves, that we fear it will be very difficult for us to give our readers an adequate idea of them.

The persons of the Margetans are likewise very different. Some are tall, raw-boned, and stout,

like those we have seen in Ireland; others are middle-sized, pale, and thin, particularly the women, resembling the inhabitants of London. One species of person, however, is particularly observable, and, indeed, is so common that we are inclined to think it peculiar to the nation, we mean the *fat*, or *obese* person, which may be thus described.

In the male as well as the female, there are instead of one chin, as in other nations, two, one of which is pendulous, or hanging a considerable way from the other—the breast is uncommonly distended, not unlike a huge projection on a rugged rock—the abdomen, or as it is called in this country, the belly, is of vast dimensions, projecting every way, and supported in some by girths, and others apparatus. Nor were we surprized at this, when informed that the males sometimes eat three or four pounds weight (each pound of sixteen ounces) at a meal. We were told that it is not uncommon for a male and a female, or a man and his wife, to weigh (together) from forty to forty-five stone weight, which is about the weight of three Dutchmen, six Frenchmen, six Scotchmen (on first leaving their country) and eight Italians.

Although this uncommon size of person be very conspicuous in the nation, yet we were told that they were not the *Aborigines*, or natives, but that they were a colony from the Eastern parts of the Comitatus or country of Middlesex, and were called *Cooknights*,  
or

or *Cockneys*, for it is variously spelt. Of this word we were not able to discover the derivation; even the people themselves were ignorant of it, and indeed, we suppose to veil their ignorance, were very much offended when we mentioned the name. One of our company assured us, that when he asked a Margerant the meaning of the word *Cockney*, the rude savage, instead of answering the question, called him "the son of a bad woman."

Of all the countries we had travelled through, this nation appeared the richest; for, though the price of every article was far dearer than in any place we had visited, yet the consumption of those articles was immense. We were the more surprized at this affluence among the people, when we were assured from good authority, there was no trade or manufactures, carried on in the place. It occurred to us, that there were gold mines on or near the borders, but we could not discover any.

The people, indeed, appeared to us to be uncommonly inactive. They rise generally very early in the morning, and go to bathe in the Eastern manner—after this they walk to and fro for near two hours, when they retire to breakfast. That meal being over, they walk again, until dinner-time; after which, it is not uncommon to take a nap. They have a greater facility in sleep than any people we met with; for it was not uncommon to see them loling out of the windows in the afternoon, dozing, or standing at

the doors fast asleep. Except in horses, we never observed this faculty of sleeping standing.

After dinner, it is the custom to walk two or three miles to a place called in their language *Dandy Lion*, where they drink an infusion of a particular kind of herb called tea. After tea, the whole company get upon their legs, and dance in the open air upon a platform, something resembling that on which criminals are executed in other countries, particularly London.

When this ceremony is over, they return in bodies to their homes, where they retire to rest.—This, we understood, was the general manner of living.

As to the laws and government of this nation, we were not able to discover them; their constitution appeared to be republican; only with this difference, that there is a personage who has the sovereign command at all their solemn meetings, whom they called **MASTER OF CEREMONIES**, a name that surprized us not a little, as both in eating, drinking, walking, bathing, or dancing, we never discovered less ceremony.

Their religion is peculiar to them. Other nations worship one, or more gods, but they seem to worship one another, and with such constant servency, that in all companies we heard such ejaculations as "*my goddess, divinity, angel, heaven, &c.*" What their doctrines are we could not learn, but an intelligent gentleman among them assured us "they believe in any thing;" and that

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though their faith is not so great as to remove their mountains, yet it is so great as to turn their pockets (however heavy) inside out. Not being acquainted with the tenets of their religion, this effect of faith appeared to us very strange.



## ACCOUNT of the BULL FIGHTS in SPAIN.

[From Bourgoanne's Travels.]

THE bull fights are what principally seem to be some remains of barbarism in the manners of the Spaniards, but at the same time they are more susceptible of apology. These combats, to which the Spanish nation has the strongest attachment, though highly repugnant to the delicacy of the rest of Europe, are considered by many Spaniards as one means of preserving, in their nation, the energy by which it is characterised; from the habit of exciting violent emotions, which are disagreeable to none but weak minds. For my part, though I wish to respect a taste which I confess is by no means in unison with my own, I have never been able to comprehend what relation there is to strength and courage, in a spectacle where those present are exposed to no danger, in which the actors prove by the rarity of accidents\*, that

\* Whatever may be said to the contrary, they are very rare. The cavaliers who are thrown, sometimes

the hazard they run is not of a nature to excite much concern, and in which the wretched victims that are sacrificed have nothing to expect but a certain and painful death, as a reward for their courage and vigour. Another proof that this spectacle has no influence upon the mind is, that I have seen among the spectators, children, young women, the aged of both sexes, men of every age, class, and character, in whom the habit of frequenting these bloody entertainments corrected not their weakness or timidity, or changed the softness of their manners. These diversions are very expensive, but very profitable to the undertakers. The price of the lowest places is two, or four reals, according as they are exposed to the sun or in the shade. The highest price is a great piastre. After the value of the horses and bulls, and the salary of the *Torreadores* have been deducted from the money received, the remainder is commonly dedicated to pious uses: at Madrid it forms the principal funds for the support of the hospital.

receive contusions, but during almost four years that I was present at bull fights, I knew but one Torreador who died of his wounds. A priest, however, provided with the viaticum and holy oil, is constantly present in a kind of latticed box, where he is not seen by the spectators; a precaution which, notwithstanding its inutility, has been preserved, like many other human institutions, merely by the force of custom.

Bull

Bull fights are mostly given in summer, because in this season spectators may remain in the open air, and the animals are more vigorous. Privileged breeds are condemned to this species of sacrifice. As soon as the bull appears in the circle, all the connoisseurs name the breed he is of. There are twenty benches round the circle, and that only which is most elevated is covered. The boxes are in the upper part of the edifice. In some cities, as in Valladolid, where there is no particular place set apart for the combat, the principal square is converted into a theatre for the purpose. The balconies of the different stories are continued across the ends of the streets which there terminate: the sight of the people of every class assembled round the square, expecting the signal for battle, and exhibiting in their countenances every sign of joy and impatience, has in it something interesting if not pleasing.

The exhibition begins by a kind of procession round the square, in which the champions, as well on foot as on horseback, who are to attack the fierce animal, make their appearance; after these come two alguazils on horseback, gravely advancing, in wigs and black robes, who go to the president of the combat (the governor or the corregidor) for an order to begin. The signal is immediately given. The animal, until then shut up in a kind of cabin, the door of which opens into the circle, makes his appearance. The agents of Themis,

who have no quarrel with him, prudently hasten their retreat, and their fear, but ill seconded by their horses, is the prelude to the cruel pleasure which the spectators are about to enjoy.

The bull is received and stunned with their cries and noisy expressions of joy. He has first to combat with the horsemen, (*Picadores*) who, clothed after the ancient manner of the Spaniards, and as it were, fastened down upon their saddles, wait for him armed with long lances. This exercise, which requires address, strength, and courage, has nothing in it degrading. Formerly the greatest among the nobility disdained not to take a part in it; at present, even some hidalgos solicit the honor of combating on horseback, and upon occasion are previously presented to the people under the auspices of a patron, who is commonly one of the principal persons of the court.

The *Picadores*, whoever they may be, open the scene. The bull, without being provoked, frequently attacks them, from which circumstance, when it happens, all the spectators conceive a great opinion of his courage. If, notwithstanding the pointed steel which repels his attack, he again returns to the charge, the cries are redoubled, pleasure then becomes enthusiasm: but if the animal be pacific, disconcerted, and cowardly, runs round the circle, avoiding his persecutors, murmurs and hissings resound throughout the theatre. All those within whose reach he passes,  
load



load him with blows and execrations. It seems as if it were a common enemy who has a great crime to expiate, or a victim whose sacrifice is of consequence to all the people. If nothing can rouse his courage, he is judged unworthy of being tormented by men, and the repeated cries of *perros ! perros !* bring on him new enemies.

Great dogs are then set loose upon him, who seize him by the neck and ears. The animal now finds the use of his natural weapons. The dogs thrown into the air, fall stunned, and sometimes lacerated, upon the ground ; they rise again, renew the combat, and commonly end by overthrowing their adversary, who then perishes ignobly. On the contrary, if he has presented himself with a good grace, his career is more glorious, but longer and more painful.

The first act of the tragedy belongs to the combatants on horseback ; this is the most animated but the most bloody and disgusting part of the whole. The irritated animal braves the steel which makes deep wounds in his neck, falls furiously upon the innocent horse who carries his enemy, gores his sides, and overturns him with his rider.

In this case, the latter upon the ground and disarmed, is in imminent danger, until the combatants on foot, called *Chulos*, come to his assistance, and provoke the animal by shaking before him stuffs of different colours.

But it is not without danger to

themselves that they save the dismounted horseman. The bull sometimes pursues them, and they then have need of their utmost agility. They frequently escape by letting fall the stuff which is their only weapon, and upon which the fury of the deceived animal is exhausted. But it sometimes happens that he is not thus to be imposed on, and the champion has no other resource than leaping over the barrier six feet high, which forms the interior of the circle. In some places there are two barriers, and the intermediate space forms a kind of circular gallery, behind which the pursued Torreador is in safety. But when the barrier is single, the bull makes efforts to leap it, which he sometimes accomplishes. The alarm of the nearest spectators may easily be imagined ; their precipitation in retiring, and crowding upon the upper benches, becomes more fatal to them than the fury of the animal, which stumbling at each step upon the narrow and uneven space, rather thinks of saving himself than satisfying his vengeance ; and besides, soon falls under the blows that are hastily and repeatedly given him.

Except in these cases, which are rare, he returns to the charge. His dismounted adversary having had time to recover himself, immediately mounts his horse again, provided the latter be not too much wounded, and the attack is renewed ; but the cavalier is frequently obliged to change his horse. I have seen seven or eight horses gored, or their bow-

els torn out, by the same bull, fall dead upon the field of battle. No words can then sufficiently celebrate these acts of prowess, which for several days become the favourite subjects of conversation. The horses astonishing examples of patience, courage, and docility, present, before they die, a sight at which I shall willingly permit my gay countrymen to shudder. They tread under their feet their bloody entrails which fall from their lacerated sides, and for some time obey the hand which leads them on to new torments. Disgust then seizes such of the spectators as possess any sensibility, and embitters their pleasure.

But a new act soon reconciles them to the diversion. When it is judged that the bull has been sufficiently tormented by the combatants on horseback, these withdraw, and leave him to the champions on foot, called *banderilleros*; who meet the animal, and the moment he attacks them, stick into his neck, two by two, a kind of arrow, called a *banderilla*, terminated like a fish-hook, and ornamented with little streamers of stained paper. The fury of the bull is redoubled; he roars, and his vain efforts render more acute the dart which has been lodged in him. This last torment gives a fine opportunity for a display of the agility of his new adversaries. The spectators at first tremble for their safety, when they see them brave the terrible horns of the animal; but their skilful hands give the blow so surely, and they escape so nimbly

from the danger, that after a few times they are neither pitied nor admired; and their address appears nothing more than a trifling episode in the tragedy, of which the catastrophe is as follows.

When the vigour of the bull appears almost exhausted, and his blood, flowing from twenty wounds, and pouring from his neck, moistens his robust sides, the fury of the people, thus fatigued upon him, calls for another victim; the president then gives the signal for his death, which is announced by the sound of drums and trumpets. The *Matador* advances and is seen alone in the circle; in one hand he holds a long knife, in the other a kind of flag which he waves before his adversary. Thus together they stop and observe each other. The impetuosity of the bull is several times avoided by the agility of the *Matador*, and the pleasure of the spectators is rendered more lively by their suspense. Sometimes the animal remains immovable; he scrapes the ground with his feet and seems to meditate vengeance. Those who are familiar with the beauties of Racine, may then perhaps recollect the two following lines of that admirable author.

*Il le voit, il l'attend, et son ame  
irritee,  
Pour quelque grand dessein semble  
s'etre arretee\*.*

\* *He sees and waits for him,  
and his irritated mind seems to be  
fixed on some grateful design.*

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The bull in this situation, and the Metador who discovers his intention, and carefully observes his slightest motion, form a picture which an able pencil might not disdain to delineate. The silence of the assembly respects this dumb scene. At length the Metador gives the fatal blow; and if the animal immediately falls, the triumph of the conqueror is celebrated by a thousand exclamations; but if the blow be not decisive, if the bull survives and again strives to brave the fatal knife, the murmurs are not less numerous. The Metador, whose address was about to be extolled to the skies, is considered only as a clumsy butcher. He instantly endeavours to recover from his disgrace, and disarm the severity of his judges. His zeal sometimes becomes a blind fury, and his partisans tremble for the consequences of his imprudence. At last he gives a better directed blow. The animal vomits streams of blood, and struggling with death, staggers and falls, while his conqueror becomes intoxicated with the applauses of the people. The bull is then tied by the horns which have betrayed his valour; and, although so lately furious and haughty, is ignominiously dragged from the circle he has just honored, leaving nothing behind but the traces of his blood, and the remembrance of his exploits, which is soon effaced by the appearance of his successor. On each of the days dedicated to these feasts are sacrificed (at least at Madrid) six bulls in the morning, and twelve in the afternoon.

The names of the combatants of each are previously announced in the public prints. The three last of the animals are exclusively left to the Metador, who, without the assistance of the Picadores, employs all his dexterity to vary the pleasures of the spectators. He sometimes suffers an intrepid stranger, mounted upon another bull, to combat them; at others he turns a bear against them. The last bull is particularly devoted to the entertainment of the populace. The points of his horns are covered with a round case, which diminishes the effect of their strokes.

In this state the bull, which is then called *Embolado*, loses the power of piercing and lacerating his adversary. The spectators descend in crowds to torment him, each according to his own manner, and often expiate their cruel pleasure by violent contusions. But the creature always falls at last under the blows of the Metador. The few spectators who partake not of the general fury, regret that these wretched animals purchase not their lives, at least, at the expense of so many tortures and efforts of courage. They would willingly aid them to escape from their persecutors. In the humane few, disgust succeeds to compassion, and weariness to disgust: the uniform succession of similar scenes throws a languor upon the amusement which the spectacle promised at the beginning.

But to the connoisseurs who have studied the artifices of the bull, the resources of his address

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and fury, the different methods of alluring, deceiving, and tormenting him (for in some provinces this is a study from youth to manhood) no scene resembles another, and they pity frivolous observers who know not how to distinguish their variety.

In this pursuit, as in others, the spirit of party confers reputation; and disputes or exaggerates success. When I arrived at Madrid, the connoisseurs were divided between two famous Metadores, Costillares and Romero, as people might be in other countries with respect to the merits of two celebrated actors. Each sect was an enthusiastic in its eulogiums, and positive in decision as the *Gluckists* and *Picciniists* perhaps were in France. It is difficult to believe that the art of killing a bull, which seems to be the exclusive privilege of a butcher, should be gravely discussed, and extolled with transport, not only by the people, but by the most sensible men and women.

We can scarcely conceive how the chariot races in the Olympic games could furnish Pindar for his sublime odes, which charmed all Greece, and conferred immortality on the conquerors. The bull fights seem to be a subject still more sterile, and yet inspire enthusiasm. Every thing which pleases us in childhood, or that awakens in our minds violent emotions which are not abated by habit, may excite and excuse that exalted sentiment. Nothing ought to be inferred against the morals of a nation from objects, whatever they may be, by which en-

thusiasm is inspired. The combats of gladiators, and the horrid contests of criminals with ferocious beasts excited it in the Romans. Horse-races produce in the English a kind of delirium. Shall we, on this account, refuse the title of a polished people to the former, or that of a philosophical nation to the latter? In like manner the Spaniards, notwithstanding their immoderate love of bull fights, and the barbarous pleasure they take in seeing the blood of those innocent and courageous animals shed, are not therefore less susceptible to every amiable and delicate emotion. After leaving these bloody diversions, they enjoy not less the pleasures of domestic peace, the confidence of friendship, and the delights of love; their hearts are not less susceptible of pity, nor is their courage more ferocious. I am of opinion that in the ages when single combats and assassinations were more frequent, they were not more attached than at present to their favourite diversion.

They are become much more pacific. Their manners are softened without their passion for bull fights being diminished; it still exists in all its fervour. The day on which they are celebrated is a day of rejoicing for the whole district, as well as for the inhabitants for ten or twelve leagues round the place. The artist who can scarcely provide for his subsistence, has always a surplus to expend on this spectacle. The very chastity of the poor girl, whose poverty should exclude her from



from it, would be in danger: her first seducer would be the first man who should pay for her admission.

The Spanish government is well aware of the moral and political inconvenience of this kind of phrenzy; it has long been convinced, that for a people, among whom it would wish to encourage industry, it is a cause of disorders and dissipation; that it is prejudicial to agriculture by sacrificing in such numbers, the robust animals which might be employed in cultivation, by destroying the source of cattle which would fertilize the country, and feed the inhabitants, and by turning the pastures from their most valuable destination. But it is forced to have respect for amusements, which, perhaps, could not be openly attacked without danger; it, however, avoids encouraging them. Formerly the court counted the bull fights in the number of entertainments it gave at certain times. The Plaza-mayor, on such occasions, was the theatre of these exhibitions. The king and his family honored the spectacle with their presence. His military household presided to keep order. His halberdiers formed the inner circle of the theatre, and their long weapons were the only barrier they opposed to the dangerous caprices of the bull. These feasts, which by distinction were called *Fiestas-reales*, are become more rare. There has been but one under the present reign. The reigning monarch, who endeavours to polish the manners of his nation, and to turn its atten-

tion towards more useful objects, wishes to destroy in it an inclination in which he perceives nothing but inconvenience; but he is too wise to employ violent means.

He has, however, confined the number of bull fights to those of which the produce serves to the support of some charitable institution, reserving to himself the power of hereafter substituting other funds. The combats, by this means, rendered less frequent, will, perhaps, lose by degrees a part of their attraction, until more favourable circumstances shall permit them to be entirely abolished.



#### AN ANECDOTE.

**B**OURSALT, in his letters, relates an anecdote of mademoiselle D'Orleans, daughter to Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII. to which he was an eyewitness. She was amusing herself, by playing with her domestics, at the game of explaining proverbs by dumb shew, and had already found out several, by the gestures of the parties: she endeavoured, however, in vain, to comprehend the meaning of one of her gentlemen, who capered about, made faces, and played a thousand antictricks. Tired with attempting to discover this enigma, she ordered him to explain himself. "Madam, said he, "my proverb means, *One fool makes many.*" The princess looked on this as a reflection on her imprudence, in being too familiar with her servants and banished the unlucky proverbialist from her presence for ever.

To the EDITORS of the LADIES  
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*Wishing to contribute a little to the amusement of your readers, I have sent you the following piece; which, though it is not original, will, I hope, not be the less pleasing. It is from 'New Tales, from the French of M. Florian.'* T. P.

SELICO: *An African Tale.*

IF, as the Persians assert, we might believe that the universe is in subjection to two principles, of which one does the little good which is only conspicuous, and the other the evil every where so abundant, we should be inclined to believe that Africa is the place where the evil principle, in a particular manner exercises its power. No portion of the globe produces such variety of poisons, so many wild beasts, and venomous reptiles. The little which we know of the kingdom of Morocco, of the negroes of Ardra, of Jaggas, the native inhabitants of the coasts, as far as the country of the Hottentots, bears a remarkable resemblance to the natural history of lions, panthers, and serpents, which are so worthy of partaking this parching region with the cannibal princes which eat the flesh of their prisoners. In the midst of these disgusting and horrid scenes, where some sell their children, and others eat their captives, we sometimes may discover traces of natural justice, of genuine virtue, of constan-

cy in suffering, and a generous contempt of death. These examples, rare as they may be, are sufficient to interrupt us in this degraded part of the human species, to make us remember that they still are men; just as in a barren desert, a few solitary blades of verdure, which the traveller is from time to time delighted to discover, suffice to convince him that he still treads upon the earth.

In the kingdom of Juida, situated on the coast of Guinea, beyond the Cape of three points, and not far from Sabi, its capital, lived, in the year 1727, a poor widow, named Darina; she was the mother of three sons, whom she had brought up with a tenderness fortunately common in human nature, but very uncommon in the climates where children are considered as an article of trade, and sold for slaves by their unfeeling parents. The eldest of these was called Guberi; the second Teloa; and the youngest Selico. All of these were sensible and amiable; they adored their good mother, who, now grown old and infirm, lived only by their industry. The wealth of this family consisted only of a hut, in which they lived together, with a little field contiguous, the maize of which was their support. Every morning, taking it by turns, one of the three brothers went to the chase, another worked in the field, the third remained at home with their mother: in the evening they all met; the huntsman produced his partridges, parrot, or perhaps a little honey; the husbandman brought fuel, while he who stayed

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at home provided their common meat. They supped affectionately together, contending who should be most attentive to their mother: they received her blessing, and reclining upon straw, by the side of each other, they went to sleep, expecting the morrow.

Selico, the youngest of the brethren, went often to the town to carry the first fruits of the harvest, the offering of this poor family, to the temple of the great divinity of their country. This god, it is well known, is a huge serpent, of that species which are not venomous, and do no injury; on the contrary, they destroy those serpents which are venomous; and they are so venerated at Juida, that it is considered as a horrible crime to put one to death. Thus the number of these sacred serpents has multiplied without end; in the midst of their towns and villages, and, even within houses, one meets, at every step, these deities, who come familiarly to eat at the table of their worshippers, sleeping near their fires, and producing their young upon their beds; which last, is considered by them as the happiest of omens.

Of all the negroes of Juida, Selico was the blackest, the best made, and the most amiable. In the temple of their great deity, he had seen the young Berissa, daughter to the chief priest, who, by her figure, her beauty, and her grace, was far above all her companions. Selico conceived a passion for her, and was beloved in return. Every Friday, the day

sacred among the negroes to repose and religion, the young lover appeared at the temple, passed the day in the company of his dear Berissa, told her of his mother, his tender passion, and of the happiness which they should enjoy when united in marriage. Berissa did not appear to conceal that she equally desired that moment to arrive; and the venerable Farulho, her father, who approved of the connection, promised, with embraces, soon to reward their tendernefs.

At length, this period, so anxiously expected, drew nigh. The day was fixed; the mother of Selico and the two brothers had made ready the hut for the young couple, when the famous Trudo Audati, king of Dahomia, whose rapid victories had been celebrated even in Europe, invading the kingdom of Ardra, exterminating the inhabitants, and advancing at the head of his formidable army, was checked only by the great river which bounded the realms of the sovereign of Juida. This last, a weak and timid prince, governed by his women and his mistresses, did not think even of collecting a few troops to oppose the conqueror. He believed that the deities of his country knew well enough how to defend the entrance, and carried to the banks of the river all the sacred serpents which could be got together. The prince of Dahomia, surprised and indignant at having only reptiles to combat, threw himself into the stream with his troops, and gained the opposite bank; and very soon these gods, from whom miracles

racles were expected, were cut to pieces, roasted on the fire, and devoured by the conquerors. Then the king of Juida, thinking that nothing else could save him, abandoned his capital, and hastened to conceal himself in a remote island. The warriors of Audati spread themselves every where, carrying with them fire and sword. They burned the crops, towns and villages, and massacred without mercy all that they could find.

Terror dispersed the few inhabitants who escaped the carnage. The three brothers, on the approach of the conquerors, had taken their mother on their shoulders, and hastened to conceal themselves in the woods. Selico would not leave Darina while she was exposed to the smallest danger; but the moment he saw her in safety, trembling for the fate of Berissa, he flew to Sabi, to save or perish with her. Sabi was taken by the Dahomians. The streets flowed with blood! the houses were plundered and destroyed: the palace of the king, and the temple of the serpent were nothing but smoaky ruins, covered with dead bodies, whose heads, according to custom, the barbarians had carried away. The wretched Selico in despair, and wishing for death, ventured many times among the soldiers, intoxicated with brandy and blood! Every where did Selico rush amid the horrid scenes, seeking Berissa, and Farulho, pronouncing their names sorrowfully aloud, and unable to recognize their bodies among so many mutilated trunks!

After dedicating five days in this terrible search, doubting not but that Berissa and her father was among the slain, and had become the victims of the ferocious Dahomians, Selico determined to return to his mother. He found her in the wood where he had left her with his brothers. The fixed sorrow of Selico, his manner, and his wild looks, terrified this unhappy family! Darina lamented his misfortunes, and tried various consolations; to all of which her son was insensible. He refused all nourishment, and seemed determined to expire by famine. Guberi and Teloa did not attempt to dissuade him by argument and reason, but they pointed to their venerable parent, who had neither house nor bread, nor any thing left but her children. They demanded of him, whether at that sight he had not courage to live?

Selico promised that he would, and forced himself to think of nothing but of dividing with his two brothers the tender attentions which they paid their parent. They plunged into the woods, went farther from Sabi, built themselves a hut in a remote valley, and thought of supplying by the chase, the maize, and the vegetables which they were without.

Deprived of their bows and arrows, and of all their other necessities, which they had no time to carry away, they soon began to feel the extreme of misery. Fruits were in these forests rarely to be found, where a prodigious number of apes were always prepared



pared to dispute them with the three brothers. The earth produced nothing but grass. They had no instrument to turn, nor grain to plant it. The rainy season came on, and the horrors of famine attacked them. The poor mother still in misery, was reclining upon a bed of dry leaves, was ready to expire but without complaint. Her sons, exhausted by hunger, could no longer penetrate the woods, which were deluged every where: they laid traps for the little birds that came near their huts, and when they took one, which rarely happened, for they had no longer any bait, they carried it to her, forced from her a smile; but she would not eat it unless divided with her children. Three months passed without any promise of change in their miserable situation. Compelled at length to take some steps, they held a consultation at the desire of Darina. Guberi proposed first, that they should penetrate as far as the coast, and sell one of them to the first European they might meet; and to purchase with the money bread, maize, and instruments of agriculture, with which they might support their mother.

The brothers replied to this, but with a melancholy silence.—‘To separate from each other for ever! to become the slaves of white men!’ the idea almost drove them to distraction. ‘Which shall be sold,’ cried Teloa, in a tone of grief. ‘Lots must decide.’ replied Guberi. ‘Let us place three stones of different sizes in this clay vessel, shake them together, and

he who draws the least, must be the unhappy person.’—‘No, my brother,’ interrupted Selico, ‘the lot is already drawn. I am the most miserable of all; you have forgot that I have lost Berissa, and that you alone prevented me from dying, by saying I might be useful to my mother. Confirm what you have said—this is the time—tell me!’

Guberi and Teloa attempted in vain to oppose the generous purpose of their brother; Selico resisted their expostulations, refused to draw his lot, and threatened to go by himself if they would not accompany him; at length the two eldest gave way. It was agreed that Guberi should continue with his mother, and that Teloa should conduct Selico to the Dutch fort, and that he should receive the price of his brother’s liberty, and then he should immediately return with the provisions which they wanted. When this was determined, Selico alone forbore to weep; but he found it indeed difficult to restrain when he was to leave his mother, bid her an eternal adieu, embrace her for the last time, and, what is more, deceive her by promising soon to return with Teloa, saying that they were only about to visit their former habitation, and to see if they could again take possession of it. The good old woman believed them, yet she could hardly separate herself from her sons arms; she trembled at the dangers they were about to encounter; and, by an involuntary motion, ran after Selico the moment she lost sight of his person.

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The two brothers, of whom it could not be said which was the most unhappy, in a short time arrived at Sabi. Murder had then ceased, peace began again to smile, the king of Dahomia, undisturbed possessor of the kingdom of Juda, wished to encourage a commerce with the Europeans, whom he invited to his city. Many English and French merchants were received at the monarch's court, sold them his numerous prisoners, and divided amongst his troops the lands of the vanquished. Teloa soon found a merchant who offered him a hundred crowns for his young brother. As he hesitated, trembling in all his limbs, and disputing about this horrible bargain, a trumpet was heard, and a public crier announced with a loud voice, that the king of Dahomia promised four hundred ounces of gold, to whomsoever would bring him alive a young negro, who the night before had dared to profane the seraglio of the monarch, and had escaped toward the East, from the pursuit of the guards. Selico heard the proclamation, made a sign to Teloa not to conclude his bargain with the merchant; and, taking his brother aside, spoke to him thus in a firm tone: 'You are come to sell me, and I wished that you should, in order to support my mother; but the small sum which this white offers you cannot prove of material importance; four hundred ounces of gold will secure certain wealth for ever to you and to Darina. You must get this, my brother: bind me this moment, and carry

me to the king as the guilty person whom he wants. Be not alarmed, I know as well as you do what punishment I have to expect. I have calculated how long it will endure: it will not exceed an hour, and when my mother brought me forth she suffered more.'

Teloa trembling could make no reply; penetrated with tenderness and affection, he fell at the feet of Selico, embraced his knees, conjured him in the name of his mother, of Berissa, by all he held dear, to renounce his terrible purpose. 'Of whom do you speak,' said Selico, with a severe smile. 'I have lost Berissa, and I wish to meet her again. I save my mother's life by my death, I make my brothers rich for ever, and I escape a slavery which might be protracted for forty years. My choice is made, press me no farther, or I go and surrender myself; you will then lose all advantage by my death, and you will occasion misery to her to whom we owe our lives.'

Awed by the manner and accent in which Selico pronounced these last words, Teloa ventured not to reply; he obeyed his brother, went and got cords, bound his hands behind him, bathing the knots with his tears, and making him walk before him, proceeded to the king's palace.

Stopped by the guards, he demanded an audience of the king; he was announced, and introduced. The king of Dahomia, covered with gold and precious stones, was reclining on a scarlet sofa, his head resting on the bo-

some

son of his favourites, who were dressed in rich brocaded silks, but were naked from their waist upward. His ministers and officers superbly dressed, were prostrate twenty feet from them. The most valiant were distinguished by a collar of human teeth, each of which testified a victory. Many females with musquets on their shoulders guarded the door of the apartment. Large golden vases containing palm wine, brandy, and strong liquors, were placed at some distance from the king, and the hall was paved with the skulls of his enemies. 'Sovereign of the world!' cried Teloa, prostrating himself on the ground, 'I come in compliance with your sacred orders to deliver into your hands'—He could not finish, and his voice died away upon his lips. The king interrogated him, but he could make no reply. At length Selico began:

'King Dahomia,' said he, 'you see before you the wretch who, induced by a guilty passion last night, penetrated the recesses of your seraglio. He who brings me here in chains was a long time my friend, and I did not fear to trust him with my secret. Zeal for your service has prevailed with him to violate his friendship. He surprized me in my sleep, has loaded me with chains, and comes to demand the reward; give it him, for the miserable man has deserved it.'

The king, without vouchsafing any answer, made a sign to one of his officers, who, viewing the prisoner, gave him into the custody of the female guards, and

paid Teloa the four hundred ounces of gold. This last, taking the gold, the touch of which agonized his soul, went and purchased provisions; and, precipitately leaving the town, made haste to his mother.

Already, by order of the prince they were making ready the horrible punishment to which they are doomed who commit adultery with the wives of their sovereign. Two large trenches are sunk at a small distance from each other. In that which is intended for the guilty female, they fix the unfortunate culprit to a stake, and all the women of the seraglio, cloathed in their most sumptuous dresses, carrying in their hands large vessels of boiling water, advance to the sound of tabors and flutes, to pour this water upon her head till she expires. The other trench contains a pile of wood, upon which they place a cross bar of iron, which is supported by two raised stakes. To this bar the criminal is secured, fire is set to the pile, and the wretched creatures perish, after protracted torments, being only reached by the extremity of the flame.

The place was filled with people; the troops under arms formed a square, bearing their spears and musquets; the priests, in their dresses of ceremony, waited for the two victims to lay their hands upon them, and devote them to death. They appeared from different corners, guarded by the armed females. Selico, calm and resigned, advanced with his head raised up. When he came towards

wards the stake he could not avoid lifting his eyes towards the companion of his misery. What was his astonishment and grief on beholding Berissa! He uttered a loud cry, and would have darted to her, but was withheld by the executioners. Soon his first emotion gave way to indignation. 'Wretch that I am!' he cried, 'while I courted death, hoping again to meet her, she was among these vile females who contend for a tyrant's affections. Not content with her perfidiousness in love, she was also faithless to her master; she deserved the title of adulteress, and the punishment of her crime. Oh, my mother! for thee alone I die—it is on thee alone that I can bear to think!'

At this instant, the wretched Berissa recognizing Selico, uttered a loud scream; she called the priests, and declared to them aloud, that the young man they were about to kill, was not he who had penetrated the seraglio. She swore this by the heavens, the mountains, the thunder, and the most august of the sacred serpents. The priests intimidated, ordered the execution to be stopped, and ran to inform the king, who was himself present. Indignation and fury disturbed the countenance of the monarch when he approached Berissa. 'Slave,' said he in a terrible voice, 'thou who condemnest the love of thy master, thou whom I have raised to the rank of my first Sultana, and, who, in spite of your refusal, I have suffered to live, what is your purpose in pretending to deny the guilt of your accomplice? Dost

thou wish to save him? If this be not thy lover, name who he is—deliver the guilty to my justice, and I will release the innocent!'

'King of Dahomia,' replied Berissa, who was already secured to the fatal stake, 'I cannot accept thy heart, I possess not my own; I did not fear to tell you so. Do you think, that she who would speak a falsehood at the moment of death? No, I confess all, and repeat my refusal. A man did last night enter my apartment, he did not leave it till the morning;—but this was not the man! You ask me to name him; I ought not, I will not; I am ready to die; I know that nothing can save me, and I only protract the fatal moment to prevent you from perpetrating a crime. I again swear to you king of Dahomia, the blood of this innocent person will fall upon your head: release him, and punish me! I have no more to say.'

The king was struck with Berissa's words, as well as with her manner of pronouncing them. He gave no orders, but declining his head, was astonished at the reluctance which he this moment felt to shed blood. But remembering that this negro had accused himself, and attributing to love, the interest which Berissa discovered for him, all his rage was rekindled. He made a sign to the executioners; the pile was lighted, the women advanced with their vessels of boiling water, when an old man out of breath, covered with wounds and dust, burst through the crowd, and suddenly  
threw



threw himself at the feet of the king.

'Stop,' said he, 'I implore you to stop: I alone am the guilty person; it is I who have burst through the walls of your seraglio, attempting the delivery of my daughter. I was once the high priest of the deity who was here adored. They tore my child from my arms, and conducted her to this place. Since that time, I have eagerly sought an opportunity to see her again. This last night I penetrated to her apartment—in vain did she attempt to follow me, for your guards discovered us. I escaped alone, notwithstanding the arrows with which you see me pierced. I come to offer you your victim! I come to expire with her, for whom alone I desired to live!'

He had hardly finished when the king commanded the priests to release the unhappy prisoners, and bring them before him. He examined Selico, wishing to know what important motive could induce him voluntarily to seek so dreadful a punishment.

Selico, whose heart panted with joy at finding Berissa again, and faithful, was not afraid to reveal every thing to the monarch. He related to him his misfortunes, the distresses of his mother, and the resolution he had taken to obtain the four hundred ounces of gold. Berissa and her father heard him with tears of delight and admiration: the chiefs, the soldiers, and the people melted with tenderness; the king himself perceived tears to fall, which never before had bedewed his

cheeks.—Such is the charm of virtue, that barbarians themselves adore it!

After hearing Selico, the king bade him rise; and, turning to the European merchants, whom this spectacle had collected, 'You, to whom wisdom, experience, and illumination of a long civilization, have so long taught what is the specific value of a man, of how much value think you is this?' A young Frenchman more bold than the rest, exclaimed, 'Ten thousand crowns of gold!'—'Which shall be given to Berissa,' said the king, 'with this she shall purchase the hand of Selico.'

This order was executed on the spot, and the king of Dahomia retired, astonished, and feeling a delight he had never before experienced.

Farulhi the very same day gave his daughter to Selico. The young couple, accompanied by the old man, departed next day with their treasure, to go in search of Darina. She, as well as the brothers of Selico, were ready almost to expire with joy. This virtuous family separated no more, but well enjoyed their riches, and in a barbarous region, offered, for a long period, the fairest example, which heaven could give to the earth—that of happiness and wealth produced by virtue.

—♦♦♦♦♦—  
An EXTRACT.

THE most proper way to attempt the cure of any disorder is to trace it to the first source. And I am well aware that

that if this mode was used with respect to the fair sex, the happy effect would soon appear. It has often been said, that the errors of conduct arise from those of education, and this more particularly appears in the female part of the world. How can we blame a lady for her attachment to vanity, when in her early years every possible effort is used to give her mind a bias to vanity and pride, instead of being early initiated in the useful domestic occurrences of life? Dancing, Music, and French, are considered as the only essential qualifications. Far be it from me to condemn a genteel and liberal education, when parents have it in their power to bestow such. I acknowledge that to warble a note, to sketch the flowing landscape, and to hold converse with our polite neighbours on the continent, are agreeable embellishments; but what can be more ridiculous than making them the only requisits to perfection? A woman thus educated becomes an unfit wife for the honest tradesman, and perhaps, from her want of fortune, is below the notice of a man of fortune. At last she joins a coxcomb empty and vain as herself, and together they sail down the stream of dissipation into the gulf of misery and distress. If then we wish a reformation in female manners, let us begin one in their education; let them be taught that domestic usefulness is before modern refinement, and that to manage a family with economy, is far beyond touching a harpichord.

## F R A G M E N T.

PASSING a few days since along a bye street, my notice was attracted by affectionate advice delivered in a female voice. When I turned I beheld a woman, apparently about forty, addressing a youth about fourteen, who I afterwards found was her only son; her dress and appearance bespoke her one of the lower class, but her sentiments were plain indications of a noble soul. The youth was that afternoon to proceed on a sea-voyage, and they were now in the act of taking a last farewell; I pretended attention to an adjacent window, that I might the better mark their conversation. With what tender earnestness, with what maternal affection did she address him, and whilst her heart foreboded innumerable evils, she endeavoured by her advice to prepare him for the meeting them. With what anxious solicitude did she inculcate to him the maxims of virtue and pity, while the big tears that rolled down her cheeks added weight to her advice, and gave force to her admonitions.

The town clock warned them it was time to part, but how to do it they had yet to learn.—My child—My mother—were echoed—God bless my boy—God bless you mother, were their mutual prayers.—The mother's sorrows were too big for utterance; she fell upon his neck in a speechless agony of grief, and found a timely relief in tears.—Don't cry mother, said the lad; Oh! I love my child, said she, and may God love and bless him.

POETICAL

## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## A PASTORAL ECLOGUE.

**S**ICILIAN muse, my humble  
voice inspire  
To sing of *Daphne's* charms and  
*Damon's* fire.  
Long had the faithful swain sup-  
prest his grief,  
And since he durst not hope, ne'er  
askt relief.  
But at th' arrival of the fatal day  
That took the nymph and all his  
joys away ;  
With dying looks he gaz'd upon  
the fair,  
And what his tongue could not,  
his eyes declare :  
Till with deep sighs, as if his  
heart-strings broke,  
Pressing her hand, these tender  
things he spoke :

DAMON.

Ah Lovely nymph ! behold  
your lover burn,  
And view that passion which  
you'll not return.  
As no nymphs charms did ever  
equal thine ;  
So no swain's love did ever equal  
mine.  
How happy, fair, how happy  
should I be,  
Might I but sacrifice myself for  
thee ?  
Cou'd I but please thee with my  
dying verse,

And make thee shed one tear up-  
on my hearse ?

DAPHNE.

Too free an offer of that love  
you make,  
Which now, alas ! I have not  
pow'r to take :  
Your wounds I cannot, tho' I  
wou'd, relieve :  
*Phaon* has all the love that I can  
give.  
Had you among the rest at first  
assail'd  
My heart, when free, you had,  
perhaps, prevail'd.  
Now if you blame, Oh blame  
not me, but fate,  
That never brought you till 'twas  
grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the fates brought me then,  
too charming fair,  
I could not hope, and now I must  
despair.  
Rul'd by your friends, you quit  
the lovers flame  
For flocks, for pastures, for an  
empty name.  
Yet tho' the blest possession fate  
denies ;  
Oh let me gaze for ever on those  
eyes.  
So just, so true, so innocent's my  
flame,  
That *Phaon* did he see it, cou'd  
not blame.

DAPHNE.

## DAPHNE.

Such gen'rous ends I know you  
 still pursue,  
 What I can do, be sure I will for  
 you.  
 If on esteem, or pity you can live,  
 Or hopes of more, if I had more  
 to give;  
 Those you may have, but cannot  
 have my heart:  
 And since we now perhaps for  
 ever part;  
 Such noble thoughts through all  
 your life express,  
 May make the value more, the  
 pity less.

## DAMON.

Can you then go? Can you  
 forever part  
 (Ye gods! what shiv'ring pains  
 surround my heart!)  
 And have one thought to make  
 your pity less?  
 Ah *Daphne*, cou'd I half my pangs  
 express,  
 You could not think, tho' hard as  
 rocks you were,  
 Your pity e'er cou'd too great  
 appear.  
 I ne'er shall be one moment free  
 from pain,  
 Till I behold those charming eyes  
 again.  
 When gay diversions do your  
 thoughts employ,  
 I wou'd not come to interrupt  
 the joy:  
 But when from them you some  
 spare moment find,  
 Think then, oh think on whom  
 you leave behind!  
 Think with what heart I shall  
 behold the green,  
 Where I so oft those charming  
 eyes have seen!

Think with what grief I walk  
 the plains alone,  
 When you, the glory of them all,  
 are gone!  
 Yet, oh! that little time you have  
 to stay,  
 Let me still speak, and gaze my  
 soul away!  
 But see, my passion that small aid  
 denies;  
 Grief stops my tongue, and tears  
 o'erflow my eyes.



*On a Lady's sending the AUTHOR  
 a RIBBON for his WATCH.*

NO fabled knights, in days of  
 yore,  
 A trophy with more pleasure  
 wore;  
 Or flow'ry chaplet in a grove  
 By some distinguish'd damsel  
 wove,  
 To grace the warriors shield de-  
 creed,  
 Or swell the trappings of the steed.  
 Nor Fielding's hero\*, at the sight  
 Of Sophy's name, felt more de-  
 light,  
 Or more rejoic'd the muff sur-  
 vey'd,  
 Which on her arm the fair dis-  
 play'd,  
 Than I this ribbond, form'd to  
 deck,  
 With jetty pride Narcissa's neck.  
 Instruction too this gift attends,  
 For ev'n the least a moral lends;  
 The smallest insect of a day,  
 That only flutters to decay,  
 May bring important truths to  
 view  
 And teach us that we're mortal  
 too.

\* *Tom Jones.*

Whene'er



Whene'er I turn my curious eye  
To see how swift the minutes fly,  
Strait will your lov'd idea rise,  
And bid me those swift minutes  
prize.

Thus warn'd, your conduct I'll  
pursue,

And own my guide and genius  
you,

Who ne'er neglect the present  
hour,

But snatch the moments in your  
pow'r,

And, as the sister-arts inspire,  
The pencil dip, or string the lyre;  
Or pleas'd, the vacant mind un-  
bend

In converse with a learned friend,  
Conscious that time steals fast a-  
way,

Nor can your worth prolong its  
stay.

Thus if I learn, my fair, from  
you,

Whene'er this jetty string I view,  
Wisely the minutes to enjoy,  
And in improving arts employ,  
Much by this ribbon I shall gain,  
And you'll not think it giv'n in  
vain.

G. D.



SILLOIS and ERMINIA; or,  
*the FORCE of LOVE.*

**N**OW had the sun withdrawn  
his warmer train,  
And sable night resum'd her  
gentle reign;

The glitt'ring moon-beams danc'd  
upon the stream,

And Peace and Silence rul'd  
the darken'd plain.

Save where within yon venerable  
wood,

Soft zephyrs whisper'd thro'  
each leafy glade;

The linnet nestled o'er her infant  
brood,

And silent warbled through the  
dusky shade.

Let quick-ey'd fancy paint the  
pleasing scene,

Be her's the varied landscape  
to disclose;

The nut-brown woodland, and  
th' enamell'd green,

And all the beauties of the per-  
fum'd rose.

Let quick-ey'd fancy place before  
the eye,

The fairest spot in Arno's  
flow'ry vale;

Whose snow-capt summit swell-  
ing to the sky,

Presents fair nature on her no-  
blest scale.

There tower'd aloft too venera-  
ble pines,

The pride, the glory, of the  
sultry plains;

Beneath their shade sad Silois re-  
clines,

The pride, the glory, of the  
village swains.

The thick-wove branches of the  
spreading trees,

Preserv'd the youth from Phœ-  
bus' sultry gleam;

Yet no thick branches, or refresh-  
ing breeze,

Could guard his heart from  
beauty's fiercer beam.

P p

Thrice

Thrice had the clock perform'd  
its hourly round,  
Since fair Erminia bounded  
o'er the clod ;  
More swift than lightning was  
each airy bound,  
Her feet more snowy than the  
snow they trod.

She came, she saw, she conquer'd  
—cruel fair !  
Was't not enough to fright his  
flocks away,  
To fill with anxious fear his flee-  
ey care,  
But thou must rule his heart  
with tyrant sway ?

The hapless youth in silent won-  
der gaz'd,  
No more his feet their usual  
load sustain ;  
His trembling limbs dejected,  
and amaz'd,  
Motionless quiver'd on the  
flow'ry plain.

He turn'd, he rose, pronounc'd  
Erminia's name,  
Each hollow cave re-echo'd to  
the sound ;  
He turn'd, he fell (for no Ermi-  
nia came)  
And breath'd his last upon the  
snow-clad ground.

—♦♦♦♦♦—  
E X T E M P O R E.

*Written under a piece of embroi-  
dery of a Rose-bud, which had been  
executed by a young Lady of about  
16 Years of Age.*

**T**HIS Rose an emblem true  
displays,  
You are the bud about to blow ;

Let virtue then direct your ways,  
Your beauty by your wisdom  
show.

Virtue's the sweetness of the rose,  
Vice is the thorn within con-  
ceal'd ;  
Your goodness by your deeds dis-  
close,

'Tis that alone true joy will yield,  
So, when your youth and beauty  
fade,  
(For fade they must like this  
poor flow'r)  
You'll call your virtue to your aid,  
Nor wail their loss a single hour.

—♦♦♦♦♦—  
*A Gentleman taking a Lady's Snuff-  
Box from her, and after keeping  
the same some time, he returned  
it with the following Verses in-  
closed.*

**H**APPY fav'rite of the fair,  
Little wand'rer, home re-  
pair ;  
Chear her with thy wish'd return,  
Nor let her more thy absence  
mourn.  
Constant, with officious pride,  
Envy'd toil, attend her side ;  
Or beneath her pillow laid,  
Nightly yield thy friendly aid.  
Bless with all thy fragrant pow'rs,  
Her social and her lonely hours ;  
To dispel each gloomy care,  
Vap'ry cloud and noxious air.  
But tell her when she tastes thy  
treasure,  
Poison's mix'd with ev'ry plea-  
sure ;

That all below we value most,  
Like thy contents, is but dust,  
That nought but virtue can possess,  
Sincere, substantial, lasting bliss.

FOREIGN

## FOREIGN and DOMESTIC NEWS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2.

**Y**ESTERDAY, being the 1st May, the officers of the 4th regiment of Philadelphia Militia being in uniform, and wearing the National Cockade, dined together, at the seat of Mr. Freneau, at the head of the table, was placed the cap of Liberty, bearing the devices of the French and American flags entwined, surmounted by a dove and olive branch, when after drinking success to the Friends of Freedom, Gov. Mifflin, &c. and spending the day in the utmost good cheer they retired.

3] Yesterday at four o'clock, P. M. the French Frigate L'Amuscade arrived in this port; and as she came up, fired a salute of 15 guns, which was returned by a salute from the artillery on Market-street wharf. The Frigate came to anchor opposite Walnut-street. The vessels in general along the wharves had their colours flying, and there was a great concourse of spectators. A cap of Liberty appears on the head, stern, and foremast of the Frigate.

The above Frigate had taken several vessels, and among the rest the ship Grange, Capt. Hutchinson, of and for Liverpool; which has since been proved not a lawful prize, being taken within the Capes of Delaware.

4] By a letter from New-York, dated May 1, we are informed that the sloop Betsey, Capt. Prior, was totally lost on Shrewsbury Bar, near Sandy Hook, on the Satur-

day preceding, and one man unfortunately drowned.

11] Yesterday morning, between the hours of one and two o'clock, a most alarming fire broke out in some of the frame houses, adjoining the offices of the Treasury of the United States, on the West side of Third-street, which consumed three buildings and part of a fourth, viz. the shop of a Mr. Craig, a shop of Mr. Douglas, a joiner; Mr. Morris gun-manufactory, and the shop of Mr. Mason, the ingenious improver of the fire-engine. The citizens with their accustomed expertness assembled, and used every exertion to extinguish the flames, which was effected about 3 o'clock.

17] About 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon 3 guns, fired on board the French Frigate in our harbour, announced the arrival of Mr. Genet, Ambassador from the French Republic, to the United States. He came in the L'Amuscade to Charleston, and from thence travelled by land.

A circumstance hitherto unparalleled in this country, has for some days past kept the public mind in a state of unusual ferment. Incendiary letters, demanding sums of money, accompanied with threats, in case of non-compliance, had been sent to several gentlemen, through the medium of the post-office, signed with fictitious names, and directing the money to be enclosed to their address, by the same channel.

On the afternoon of Tuesday last, a hair-dresser, brought to the post-

post-office a paper with the fictitious names alluded to, upon which he was secured and carried before Alderman Baker. On his first examination, he denied having any knowledge of the person who had given them to him, but afterwards acknowledged that he had been employed by Mr. Ravara, who had threatened him in case of discovery, that an accomplice would infallibly assassinate him; and that the fear of his life, he said, had made him endeavour to conceal the name of his employer.

Warrants were then granted for apprehending Mr. Ravara, and he was yesterday taken and brought before the same Alderman. The story that he told was similar to that of the barber; adding, that a man whom he did not know, who said he came from Spanish America, had requested him to apply for these letters, for as they were *intrigues of state*, he dared not to appear, lest he should embroil himself with the Spanish commissioners.

This being all that could be obtained, Mr. Ravara was committed to jail to take his trial.

20] A letter from Norwich, dated May 16. mentions, that a heavy storm commenced (a few days before) at Mansfield, attended with thunder and lightning, during which the electric fluid discharged itself on a dwelling house at that place, passed down the chimney, and killed a man in front of the fire, a woman in the same room had one of her shoes, by the effects of the lightning, entirely stripped from off her

foot, without much injury to her person, several others were affected by the shock, the consternation was so great, that the house unperceived caught fire, and was, with a great part of its effects consumed.

23] Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Kentucky.—The Indians are murdering some of us every week, notwithstanding the truce which the government of the United States conceives now to be existing between them and the Savages. The 2d inst. they killed and wounded five men, and stole 17 horses.

27] We hear from Niagara, that the Indians sat in grand council about the middle of last month. "The council consisted of the six nations, together with the Delawares, and several other nations who reside upon the Western lakes; in their debates many of the chiefs discovered much natural eloquence. The final result was peace generally: they unanimously agreed to meet the Americans in the grand convention, that is about to be held in June next, on the South side of Lake Erie.

An Albany Paper, of the 16th has the following paragraph: "Last week, Benjamin Lincoln, one of the commissioners for treating with the Western Indians, with a number of Quakers, &c. in his suite, left this city, on his way to the Miami Village, where the treaty is shortly to be held.

29] Yesterday the French Minister Genet, the Governor of this State, and a number of other respectable



pectable citizens dined on board the Frigate L'Ambuscade.

31] The many confused and unlikely accounts which have been from time to time circulating, renders it almost impossible to form an accurate opinion of the state of the French—some accounts mentioning the great success of the French arms, others that they were entirely subdued. It appears however from what can be collected, that they have had a small check. And that Dumourier had deserted the cause of Liberty, and was determined to place young Louis on the throne. The commissioners who were sent by the Convention to arrest him and bring him to trial, he sent over to the Austrians, and had brought over a small part of his army to favour his designs. How far these accounts ought to be believed we will not pretend to say. The following extracts are taken from the London papers, which was received by the Ship James, lately arrived at New-York.

*London, April 14.*

No intelligence having been received yesterday from the continent, the account of Dumourier's having been obliged to abandon his army and make his escape with a small party of horse to the Austrians, is neither contradicted nor confirmed.

We can only repeat that such an account, received by Admiral Macbride from the Austrian commandant at Ostend, was by him transmitted to the Admiralty on Tuesday.

It was very generally believed yesterday both in Westminster and the city, and had a considerable effect on the price of stocks.

The preparations for embarking the cavalry lately ordered for foreign service, which on the news of Dumourier's intended march to Paris had been suspended, were resumed.

The Gazette, in which errors are as common as in newspapers of less emolument, seems to have made a small number of prisoners taken by the Prussians in the battle of Bingen. It states the non-commissioned officers and privates taken at 200; the Brussels Gazette extraordinary makes the number 2000.

The same Gazette informs us, that an armistice had been agreed upon between his serene highness the prince of Saxe-Cobourg and General Dumourier, the latter having previously consented to evacuate the Austrian Netherlands and Dutch Brabant. Why his serene highness should agree to an armistice, on condition of Dumourier's doing that, which if the account of his serene highness's victories be true, he was evidently obliged to do without any condition, it is not easy to imagine. The natural inference is, either that Dumourier was still in sufficient force to dispute the possession of the Austrian Netherlands, or that the prince of Saxe-Cobourg had purchased his victories at so dear a rate as to make an armistice desirable, if not necessary.

*April 16.*

The admiralty of Amsterdam have

have given notice, that the embargo upon all the vessels of the allies and neutral nations bound to the Baltic, the East and West-Indies is taken off.

Dumourier is said to have been persuaded to change sides by the ambi-dexter negotiations of Lord Auckland.

Letters from Vienna and Cremona state, that a messenger arrived on the 12th ult. at Milan, with intelligence, that Gen. Colli had defeated the French at Nizza, and had taken all their baggage.

Intelligence was yesterday received, that Dumourier, finding that his army would not support him in his plan of marching to Paris, and placing young Louis on the throne, had found it necessary to consult his safety by going over to the Austrians; and that he effected his escape from his own troops, carrying with him a regiment of cavalry consisting of from four to six hundred men.

April 12. The French on evacuating the Netherlands, will probably reinforce the garrisons of Lille and Valenciennes, and occupy their old advantageous post at Maulde, so that Dumourier, and the commanders of the combined armies, will find themselves just where they were at the opening of the last campaign.

The army which Dumourier lately commanded, is in the utmost confusion, and it is even said entirely dispersed, without any regular leader. That General persuaded himself, from the personal attachment shewn him by his army, that he might promise himself their support, to the ex-

tent of his wishes, in the project he had formed. He was, however mistaken. He had advanced as far as Cambray, on the road to Paris, when he found his army deserting him; the artillery first forsook him, then the National guards. He then harangued the troops of the line, who, in return, informed him, that notwithstanding their love to him as their general, and as a brave soldier, they were determined, to a man, neither to fight against their country, nor to violate that constitution which they had sworn to maintain.

General Dumourier finding that he could not depend upon the army, immediately set out with young Egalite at the head of two regiments of horse, and took the road for Mons. He was, however, so closely pursued by a party who followed him, that he was obliged to fight his way.

The Austrians have laid siege to Conde, and expect to have made considerable progress in France before the end of six weeks.

The French garrison that were in Breda have made a requisition to be allowed a strong escort, lest they should be murdered by the Brabanters, who are highly incensed against the French.

The people of this place, when the French attempted, before the arrival of the Austrians, to carry off the images and plate from the churches, assembled and declared to General Marasse, that if they did not immediately replace the statues, they would take exemplary vengeance upon them.—This had the desired effect.

Dumourier

Dumourier wrote from Mons, requesting permission to attend the Congress, which was refused him.

When he set out for Paris, he wrote to the prince of Saxe-Cobourg, that he could depend upon the garrison of Conde, and that if the Austrians would approach it at a particular time, it would certainly be delivered up to them. A detachment was sent according to his directions, the commanding officer of which, after waiting some time, and receiving no proposition from the garrison, sent parties to scour the country for intelligence. Soon after information was brought him from Mons that Dumourier was arrived there, and that the plan had miscarried.

Dumourier sent notice to the prince of Saxe Cobourg, that on the first appearance of disaffection he had founded his army, regiment by regiment, and found that none would stand by him but two regiments of cavalry, making together about 1,000 men, with which he had made his escape. He found it impracticable to deliver up Valenciennes and Conde, but expressed hopes, that the garrison of Lisle would open the gates. Marasse, on whose talents and ability to serve the cause of royalty, he bestowed a high encomium, he thought would join with the garrison of Antwerp; and the garrisons of Breda, and Gertruydenberg, he was confident would implicitly obey his orders.

These were probably the self-delusions of a man, who was still willing to persuade himself and

others, that he could perform some part of his magnificent promises. The real state of the case appears to be, that while his army thought that the Convention had sent to arrest him, merely because he had been beaten, they resented it as an insult offered to themselves, and were ready to make a common cause with their general; but when they discovered, by his sending Bournonville and the commissioners as prisoners to the Austrians, that he was in concert with the common enemy, they resolved to abandon him.—He had been three times shot at before he made his escape, was pursued, and probably carried but a very small part of the two regiments of horse to Mons.

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## MARRIAGES.

In *Philadelphia*.—Mr. George Washington, to Miss Lucy Payne, of this city.—Mr. James Duncan, of this city, to Mrs. Maria Harman, of the city of New-York.—Mr. Jacob Thomas, to Miss Nancy Johnson, both of this city.—The Rev. Samuel Magaw, D. D. to Mrs. Martha Flower, of this city.—Mr. Lambert Cadwallader, Esq. to Miss Mary McCall, daughter of Archibald McCall, Esq. merchant of this city.

In *New York*.—Dr. C. Buxton, to Miss Cornelia Henshaw.—Mr. George Bement, to Miss Aletta Gale.—Mr. Thomas Cooper, to Miss Polly Johnston.—Mr. F. McDonald, to Miss E. Burger.

E. Burger.—Mr. Nath. Forster, to Miss P. Homes.—Mr. Charles Watkins, to Miss Susannah Marshall.—Mr. Frederick Scriba, merchant, to Miss Anna Dundas.

At *Carlisle*.—Mr. George Hamilton, aged 86 years, to Catharine Bow, aged 73. Each of them had been joined in the bands of matrimony twice before, and had both been but a short time in a single state, before this union. Their friends endeavoured for some time to dissuade them from forming this connection, considering their age and great infirmities. But mark, gentle reader, the power of love! They could not live without each other, and great would have been the pity, to do any thing that might shorten the very short remainder of their days. They afford a remarkable instance of what may be expected from a spirit of perseverance. In spite of any discouragement, they at last joined hands in presence of several ministers of the gospel, several magistrates and other citizens. To delineate their persons or several qualities, is not our business. From their being often exhibited heretofore in public situations, they are very generally known; and every one must be struck with the contrast which his meagre appearance must make with her excessive corpulency.

At *Roxbury-hill*.—Doctor Christopher Heydrick, of Chestnut-hill, to the amiable Miss Maria Care, daughter of Mr. Peter Care of Philadelphia.

In *Virginia*.—At Norfolk, Mr. William Davis, Printer, to Miss Peggy Haynes.

## DEATHS.

In *Philadelphia*.—Mr. David Hall, son of Mr. Wm. Hall, in the 19th year of his age.—Capt. John Muttony, sen. aged 70 years.—Colonel John Cox, Esq. formerly of Bloomsbury, near Trenton, New Jersey.—Mr. Benjamin Mason, a young man much respected.—His funeral was attended by a large number of citizens to the Friends' burying ground, where he was decently interred.—Captain Swain.—Mr. John Kingston. Mrs. Carr, an old lady much respected.

In *New York*.—Colonel James Chrystie.—Mrs. Dorothy Jarvis, of the island of Antigua.—Mr. Cornelius Bogart, in the 94th year of his age.—Mr. James Hill, jun.—Mr. Richard Hall.

At *Brooklyne*.—Mr. John Carpenter, aged 74 years.

In *Virginia*.—At Waynesborough, Mrs. Mary Wayne, consort of Gen. Wayne.

In *Georgia*.—Near Savannah, Mr. Geo. Washington Greene, son of the late Gen. Greene: he was unfortunately drowned in the river, near Mulberry Grove, by the oversetting of a canoe.

At *Corlaer's Hook*.—Mr. Levi Cohen.

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## FOREIGN DEATHS.

At *Canton*.—Mr. William H. West of Philadelphia, who went out supercargo of the ship Hannibal, Capt. Cunyngham.

At *Lisbon*.—Mr. John Telles, of Philadelphia.

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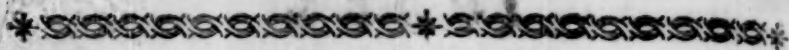
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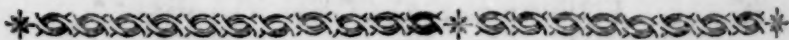
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